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LORD LYNDHURST.

READERS of Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of Lord Lyndhurst* must often have found it difficult to avoid that familiar ineptitude of the older criticism—the practice of complaining of a book for not being something else than what it professes to be. Technically of course they are quite without excuse; for the profession in this case is stated with exceptional distinctness. The present biography of Lord Lyndhurst avowedly owes its origin to Lord Campbell's, and its character has throughout been determined by that circumstance. The author, as he tells us in his preface, "has been compelled at every stage to call attention to the mis-statements of fact with which Lord Campbell's biography abounds," and has not been free to follow the course which would probably have been more acceptable to his readers, as it would certainly have been more agreeable to himself, of "tracing the career of Lord Lyndhurst without reference to what had already been written about him." Of a work so confessedly polemical in its nature it would be obviously unreasonable to complain that it contains an excess of polemics. But at the risk of the critical solecism above referred to, one is still tempted to ask whether Sir Theodore Martin has not sacrificed more than was needful to the object which he had in view. Granted that Lord Campbell's

biography of Lord Lyndhurst abounds in mis-statements of fact, was it necessary for their corrector continually to interrupt his own narrative for the purpose of exposing them? Sir Theodore Martin says yes: he thinks it unavoidable. Many of the representations in question "have crept," he says, "into general circulation, and been reiterated by writers who had probably neither the means nor the inclination to institute original inquiries, and the impression thus produced could only be displaced by dealing with these misrepresentations in detail." But they surely might have been dealt with in detail in an appendix; and the only valid reason for attacking them, step by step, in the text, would have been that the general credit of Lord Campbell's narrative was still so high as to make it necessary to combat and disprove his assertions *seriatim*. This, however, is far from being the case. The value of Lord Campbell's accounts of his contemporaries has long ago been estimated, and the world has, with equal accuracy, taken the measure of the man. Few people now need convincing that as a biographer he was not to be trusted to do the smallest justice to anybody he disliked; that he disliked everybody who had at any time stood, or been suspected by him of standing, in the way of his advancement; and that as he was both

indefatigable, pushing, and intensely suspicious, the distributor of professional patronage was pretty sure to fall under one of these categories or the other. The public, as a rule, therefore, would have been perfectly prepared to accept Sir Theodore Martin's account of Lord Lyndhurst's sayings and doings as accurate "without reference to what had already been written about him before" by Lord Campbell, and would have been well content to study the detailed exposure of the latter's misrepresentations—if indeed they cared to study them at all—in a separate and subsidiary part of the book. At the very least we think Sir Theodore might have proceeded on the *ex uno disce omnes* principle, and, selecting a few typical instances of Lord Campbell's more audacious mis-statements, have invited readers to agree with him that any biographer who could be guilty of them might be considered out of court. Thus, for example, Campbell, in support of the assertion, perhaps in itself maintainable, that Copley was at one time of his life, "a Whig and something more, in one word a Jacobin," remarks that "he would refuse to be present at a dinner given on the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster, but he delighted to dine with the Corresponding Society, or to celebrate the anniversary of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke." Upon which Lord Lyndhurst's latest biographer observes:—

"The wanton recklessness of this statement is proved by a reference to dates. Fox's election for Westminster took place in 1784, when Copley was twelve years old. Hardy and Tooke were tried and acquitted in 1794, when Copley was a student at Cambridge. He was away from England part of 1795 and all 1796, and the 'Corresponding Society' was suppressed soon after his return in 1797. How could Campbell, who only came to London in 1798 and never met Copley till 1804, and even then was not admitted to his acquaintance, know anything about his antecedent history or opinions?"

The last question is not much, perhaps, to the point, since men's "antecedent history and opinions" are

generally matters of repute among their associates—a point on which there is more to be said hereafter. But whatever were Campbell's sources of information on this subject, they could not have reasonably convinced him that Copley declined an invitation to a political dinner at twelve years of age, or dined with the Corresponding Society when he was away from England; and Sir Theodore Martin would have been fully justified in asking his readers to admit that a biographer who would say this would say anything. He might at any rate have held that an exposure so damaging as this would relieve him of the duty of citing Campbell's absurd story, of Copley's vehemence of declamation at a debating club, having drawn together a crowd of the porters and laundresses of the Temple outside Mr. Tidd's chambers late at night, "which led to a cry of fire being raised and the Temple fire-engine being brought out," and solemnly refuting it by the observation that the discussions of the "Tidd Debating Club took place late in the evening when the Temple gates were closed, and were confined to pure questions of law, the meeting being modelled upon the plan of the courts at Westminster, with a chief justice, and counsel for the plaintiff and defendant." Frequent pauses for the purpose of disposing of unimportant fabrications of this kind have an irritating effect. And it is too much that Lord Campbell, on the strength of having written a bad biography, should be allowed to spoil a good one.

These interruptions, however, do not begin to make themselves much felt until the subject of Sir Theodore Martin's narrative reaches maturity, and over his earlier days, therefore, the reader passes smoothly and pleasantly enough. But Lord Lyndhurst's boyhood and youth seem to have been more lacking in colour and character than has usually been the case, even with those many other distinguished

men whose early days have given no presage of their future abilities and fame. Among those gnomie sayings of the nursery or the playground—often indeed mythical or embellished in later legend, but now and then both genuine and prophetic—which the fondness of parental or fraternal pride is wont to treasure up about the remarkable son of a family, no saying of Lord Lyndhurst's is recorded. That he was a boy of much intellectual promise, as well as of good and affectionate disposition, is indeed evident enough; and "family tradition" also speaks of him, we are told, as "a boy of great vivacity and humour, contrasting strongly with his father's contemplative and visionary cast of mind, and the calm and somewhat serious temperament of his mother." "Friends from this side of the Atlantic," writes his granddaughter, Mrs. Amory, "carried back to Lord Lyndhurst the tales they had heard of his boyish pranks, and how his father would reprove him and exclaim: 'You will be a boy, Jack, all your life.' At which the aged statesman would gently smile as the memories of his youth rushed on his mind, and answer: 'Well, I believe my father was right there.'" The "boyish pranks" were no doubt trivial and unmemorable enough, but examples of the early "vivacity and humour," which might have lent themselves better to preservation are not forthcoming; and, indeed, in spite of Lord Lyndhurst's reputation for cheerfulness and even playfulness of temperament at all periods of his life, his recorded utterances exhibit an exceptionally small infusion of the qualities with which family tradition has credited him. Sir Theodore Martin prints but two letters written by him during his school-days, and the second of these, describing his thoughts before the ceremony of confirmation, is marked by rather an unusual, not to say precocious, solemnity for a boy of seventeen. Of his pupil's capacity, Dr. Horre, the master of the private school at Chiswick at

which young Copley was educated, thought highly. So at least Sir Theodore Martin tells us, though the doctor's remark in a letter to a friend that Copley was leaving school for the university "a prodigiously improved young man" hardly strikes one as in itself unequivocal testimony to this effect. On his very journey to Cambridge, however, he won a less ambiguous acknowledgment of his powers; for Dr. Gretton, afterwards Dean of Hereford, who travelled down with father and son on the stage-coach, asked permission to examine the youth, with a view to ascertaining whether Trinity or Trinity Hall were his proper destination, and on the strength of Copley's "manifest powers" earnestly recommended the choice of the former college. The advice of the amateur examiner was justified by the event. The future chancellor's academical career was brilliant. In May, 1794, he came out as second wrangler, although, according to his biographer, "he had only nine months previously taken up seriously the study of mathematics,"—meaning, of course, "resumed" the study, since his mathematical gifts had already been remarkably displayed at school; and to the second wranglership he added the not seldom associated honour of First Smith's Prizeman. In the same month he was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, and the following year he obtained a fellowship at his college, and the further appointment of travelling bachelor with a grant of 100*l.* a year for three years—a stipend of which he availed himself to pay a visit to the country of his birth, though not of his father's origin or allegiance, the United States. Here, besides his academical duties of observation and report, he was engaged in an attempt to recover a small property belonging to the elder Copley in Boston, but of course forfeited by him upon quitting the country on the outbreak of the War of Independence—a claim which his son, after some negotiation, compromised.

In the letters of the young "travelling bachelor," whether addressed to his family in the mother-tongue or in Latin to the vice-chancellor of his university, there is nothing particularly striking, and one would be disposed to say, if it could be said graciously, that his biographer's excerpts from these might with advantage have been curtailed. To tell the honest truth, indeed, the chapters recording the ante-professional life of the future chancellor are—doubtless from the fault of the subject rather than the narrator—just a little dull. After all, there is no reason why the early manhood of a distinguished lawyer and politician should not be uninteresting, though there are reasons, perhaps, for not lingering over it too long. As it is, the only passage which lends any piquancy to the inevitably insipid portion of the volume is that which describes Copley's travels in company with the French *philosophe* Volney.

"Volney had gone to the United States in 1795, and there he contrived to get into a quarrel with the government, by whom he was suspected, without reason, of having crossed the Atlantic to arrange for the handing over of Louisiana to the Directory. He proved to be anything but a satisfactory travelling companion. The roads and the rivers were bad, the journeys had mostly to be performed on horseback, and they involved fatigue and sometimes even peril. Volney was nearly forty years old and far from strong. He could not get on without his chocolate and the other comforts essential to the enjoyment of a town-bred epicure, and, as Baillie Jarvie in Rob Roy's country, was perpetually hankering after 'the comforts of the Saut Market,' so the moans of the revolutionary philosopher were incessant over the fatigues of the road and the absence of the luxuries of Parisian life."

The philosopher who has omitted to add the practice of the stoic to his own peculiar tenets is a familiar object of satire; but one may venture perhaps to demur to the reasoning implied in the remark that Volney's "ludicrous impatience of hardship and discomfort" was "little calculated to inspire Copley with respect for his opinions as to the great forces by which society

is moved and moulded." Sir Theodore Martin would hesitate, we may suspect, to face his major premiss in cold blood. "No peevish traveller can form sound opinions as to the great forces by which society is moved and moulded" is a proposition which does not commend itself to instant assent or even to ready comprehension.

In the year 1797 Copley returned to England, and after taking his M.A. degree at Cambridge, entered the chambers of Mr. Tidd, to be initiated by him in what he calls the "logical science" of the special pleader. Nor need we doubt that, as with many other great lawyers before and since—as, for instance, with him, *qui summâ industriâ, summo acumine, leges Angliæ ad absurdum reduxit*—the mind of the future judge owed much of its keen judicial faculty to the subtle exertations of the student in this "logical science." Few finer gymnasia of the intellect have ever indeed been invented than the old system of special pleading. The same remark, however, applies to the game of chess, and its excellence as a method of mental training was hardly a justification for treating plaintiffs and defendants as pawns in the game. After a year's study in Mr. Tidd's chambers, Copley commenced practice, according to the practice of the time, as a pleader "below the bar," and, supported principally by his fellowship, prepared himself to enter upon the usual weary years of wandering in that desert of brieflessness which divides most forensic aspirants from the Canaan of success. Six such years passed before even a glimmer of the Promised Land was visible. Copley was now thirty-one; his business as a special pleader was not sufficient to maintain him, and his fellowship, unless he took orders and went into the Church, was about to expire. "So gloomy were his prospects," writes Sir Theodore Martin with unconscious satire, "that at one time he entertained serious thoughts of taking that step;" and he was only dissuaded by the entreaties

of his father from making a choice which another distinguished man, who found himself some twenty years later in a similar position, actually made. For

"What Copley, the future chancellor, meditated, Connop Thirlwall, the future bishop, did. When Copley was canvassing Cambridge in 1826, he was introduced to Thirlwall, who was then in residence there. Thirlwall, he was told, had lost heart about his prospects at the bar, and was thinking of forsaking it and going into the Church. Copley showed him how near he had himself been to taking that step and what good reason he had to be thankful that he had not followed up his intention. Thirlwall decided the other way—how well and wisely was soon shown."

Both, no doubt, decided rightly; though the particular part supposed to be played by the Divine Summoner is in these two transactions not easy to trace. Copley's "call"—unlike Thirlwall's—was attended with the payment of fees, and for these he was indebted to the friendly assistance of Mr. Greene, an American merchant, who had married his eldest sister, and who at the request of his father advanced, with truly brotherly promptitude, the sum of 1,000*l.* to enable the young lawyer to make his start in life. The struggle for the next five or six years was an uphill one, Copley making his way steadily indeed, but very slowly, into a respectable practice. During all this time his industry seems to have been unwearied and his patience inexhaustible. An observer of him in those days thus describes him:—

"Like Romilly, Copley was destined to remain a spectator rather than an actor for many weary years before attracting public notice, and I well remember him in the old court of Common Pleas, always occupying the same seat at the extremity of the second circle of the bar without paper or book before him, but looking intently, I had almost said savagely (for his look at this time bore somewhat the appearance of an eagle's) at the bench before him, watching even the least movement of a witness or other party in the cause, or treasuring up the development of the legal arguments brought forward by the eminent men who then formed the inner circle of the bar of learned serjeants."

We know, from what he has since

told us, that while thus sitting, "without paper or book before him," he was cultivating that power of mentally digesting evidence which enabled him when a judge to dispense with notes, and instead of bewildering a jury by lengthy readings from a note-book, to lay before them a summarised conspectus of all the material facts deposed to by the witnesses in a case.

At last, in the year 1812, he was able to take at the flood that tide which leads to fortune. He was retained at Nottingham by one of the leading Luddites indicted for frame-breaking, and achieved his first success in a manner characteristic of the then condition of our law by breaking down the indictment on the objection that a firm which manufactured silk lace and cotton lace were mis-described as "proprietors of a silk and cotton lace manufactory." The objection was held fatal—for how, asked triumphant technicality, could the Crown prosecutors prove that they did not mean to describe the Messrs. Nunn as manufacturers, not of two distinct fabrics, but of a single mixture of silk and cotton? Frame-breaking was a hanging matter, and in a hanging matter a man ought, in common humanity, to be acquitted on a question of hyphens. Acquitted the prisoner accordingly was, and Copley, carried back to his hotel on the shoulders of the mob, became the hero of the hour. In the following year, having now obtained a name and good position at the bar, he was raised to the dignity of the coif, and from that moment his advance was rapid. The important case of Boville and Moore was the means of displaying his extraordinary grasp of the complicated mechanical points of a patent case. In 1817 he was retained, at the special instance of Sir Charles Wetherell, for the defence of Dr. Watson, Thistlewood and others in the case of the Spa Fields riots; and in the following year, after having been retained by the Government, in pursuance of the oppressive policy of

the time, to prevent his services being secured by Brandreth and his associates on their trial for high treason, he received a message from Lord Liverpool, through a common friend, asking whether he would like to come into Parliament. The offer was, after brief consideration, accepted, and Copley was, through the influence of Sir Leonard Holmes, returned for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight.

And here perhaps is the most convenient place to say a word about the much disputed question of Lord Lyndhurst's early political opinions. It is a point upon which Sir Theodore Martin will appear to most non-partisan readers not only to dwell too much, but, in his anxiety to rebut Lord Campbell's imputations, to attempt too much also. One may take exception, to begin with, to the biographer's comment upon Lord Liverpool's advances. "They were made," he observes, "without condition or stipulation of any kind, and this doubtless because it was perfectly well understood that the general tenor of Copley's political views was by no means likely to throw him into the ranks of the Opposition." Surely this is too large an inference from the Prime Minister's act. Surely it proved no more than that Copley was not at the time identified with the Parliamentary Opposition. As long as "the tenor of his political views" was not known to be Whig or Radical, there was no reason why Lord Liverpool should not approach him with the offer of a seat in Parliament. Such an offer indeed was obviously a convenient way of ascertaining what actually was the tenor of a lawyer's political views, and in all probability it was designed to serve that very purpose in this particular instance. It certainly found Copley in a position perfectly independent of all party ties. So far as regards outward allegiance to either of the two great political connections, he might truly have described himself as *nullius in verba magistri*; and so far therefore

as the technical offence of "ratting" is concerned, there can be no foundation whatever in pronouncing his acquittal. But when Sir Theodore Martin goes on to contend as he does with unnecessary earnestness that at no time of his life could Copley's opinions have been plausibly stigmatised as those of a "Jacobin," or even justly described as those of "a Whig and something more," he attempts to prove not only more than the probabilities admit, but more than the subject of the biography appears ever to have asserted. It is surely significant that on each occasion, and there were several, when the charge of political inconsistency was brought against Lord Lyndhurst, he confined his defence to a disclaimer of having been guilty of disloyalty to any party. In replying in 1835 to Lord Lansdowne who had accused him of having been "a Whig and something more," he says: "I never belonged to any political party till I came into Parliament. I never belonged to any political society." Nay, more, he even expressly declines to extend this denial to the expression of *opinions*. In his subsequent answer to Lord Denman's imputation against him of having changed his opinions, he said: "If my noble and learned friend is speaking of a period of twenty years past, I can only say I am unable to call to my recollection the particular opinions which I might have then entertained, or expressed with reference to political measures, but I can assert that I never belonged to any party or political society." The plea of *non mi ricordo* as to his "particular opinions" of 1815, only two years before he entered Parliament, is somewhat singular, and Lord Denman naturally seized upon it for remark. After expressing astonishment at Lord Lyndhurst's pleading forgetfulness "with reference to opinions entertained when he was of the mature age of thirty," he continues:—

"Up to the period when he came into Parliament the universal impression of those who

lived on terms of close intimacy with my noble and learned friend was, that his opinions were (not with reference to any one particular measure on any one occasion) generally and unequivocally what would now be called Liberal. These opinions were not uttered merely in the presence of those who were intimate with him, or in the course of private conversation, but they were avowed rather as if my noble and learned friend felt a pride in entertaining and avowing them."

This is curiously circumstantial; and when we further find that Lord Lyndhurst restricted his reply to a collateral question, namely, whether he owed his "advancement" to "those who professed Liberal opinions," and said no more on the main point than that "up to the time of his entering Parliament he was engaged in his profession, and had no object out of it" Sir Theodore Martin must surely see that his task is hopeless. Of course we need not interpret quite literally such a phrase as "up to the period when he came into Parliament." Copley may, perhaps, have been converted from his "something more than Whig" views some considerable time before 1817, but that he held and expressed such views for some years after entering the legal profession, the evidence of repute is too strong to allow us to doubt. Sir Theodore Martin will hardly contend that there is any improbability in Copley's having talked Jacobinism in his university days, just as did Coleridge, born in the same year as himself, and entered the year after him at Cambridge. The very sentence indeed in one of his letters from America which his biographer quotes rather oddly as evidence to the contrary, goes to show as much. "I have become a fierce aristocrat," he writes. "This is the country to cure your Jacobins." The date of this is 1796, the year in which the disillusionising process began with Coleridge; but is it not quite conceivable that, as Copley took the complaint in a less violent form than the poet, so the process of recovery might have been proportionately more gradual? The probability on the whole appears to

be that Copley had been in the habit at least of *talking* like "a Whig and something more" among his familiar associates at the bar, but that he had *not* taken active part in any political movements, or affiliated himself to any political society, and hence that it was equally open to his opponents, using the word in a different sense from his, to denounce him as an apostate, and to himself to reply that he was not.

But whatever the moral nature of the transaction by which Copley was brought into Parliament, there can be no question of the political and professional advantages of the arrangement. The Tory government secured the services of a most powerful and accomplished debater; to the new recruit was opened the path to sure and speedy high political office. After little more than a year of parliamentary life, in the course of which a dissolution occurred, and Copley changed his constituency of Yarmouth for that of Ashburton, he was appointed chief justice of Chester, and a few months afterwards Solicitor-General. The work of a law-officer in 1819 was no sinecure, for it was a year in which the always fierce party passions of that age received their keenest stimulus in the discussion of questions of constitutional law. At the opening of the session, Copley had to speak in the long and animated debate raised on the "Peterloo Massacre," in an amendment to the address; and before the end of the year he was engaged along with his colleagues on what we doubt not was the uncongenial task of passing the Six Acts through Parliament. Sir Theodore Martin here pauses to rebut Lord Campbell's statement that these enactments were "carried through the House of Commons by Copley," and points out that all he did was—in discharge of a duty thrown upon him by the unexpected indisposition of his colleague, Sir Robert Gifford—to introduce the Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill, the first brought forward, and to explain in general terms the scope of the series to which it

belonged. The point is surely one of infinitesimal importance, but it seems clear that however slight a part may have been played by Copley in the debates on the Acts, he must, as law-officer, have taken a considerable share in their preparation, and incurred proportionate responsibility for their provisions. In the discussion upon another of the Six, the "Blasphemous Libels Bill," the Solicitor-General was again attacked on the score of his former political opinions. He defended himself in his usual fashion, by declaring that he had never "belonged to a political society or been in any way connected with politics;" but the following passage shows the way in which Copley's parliamentary out-set was regarded by the Whigs of that day:—

"Lord John Russell, in the preface to the sixth volume of his *Life of Moore*, tells a good story of a *mot* of Sir James Mackintosh's upon this occasion. 'I remember,' he says, 'sitting by Mackintosh, when a great lawyer disclaiming from the treasury bench all participation in the opinions of the Liberal party, said, "I could see nothing to tempt me in the views of the gentlemen opposite." 'For "views" read "prospects,"' whispered Mackintosh to me."

Sir Theodore Martin puts this by as a "passing joke," and so no doubt it was. But even passing jokes require a point, and it is clear that if Copley had been commonly believed to dislike the "views" as well as the "prospects" of the Whigs, the joke would have been pointless.

The trial of the Cato Street conspirators in the following year, involved too much of a foregone conclusion to afford any great scope for the display of Copley's forensic power; but more important work of the kind was preparing for him in the prosecution of the case against Queen Caroline. Sir Theodore Martin tells again, and tells well, the tale of this famous trial, and fully maintains his hero's claim to a foremost place in what he rightly calls that "battle of giants." The extracts which he gives from Copley's reply upon the whole case are sufficient

to mark that speech as not unworthy of its, in one sense, great occasion. And over and above its purely oratorical merit, in which it could only hold its own by its studious avoidance of rivalry with the brilliant rhetoric of Brougham, it unquestionably deserves the highest praise for tone and temper. Whatever the errors of George IV.'s unfortunate consort, the character and antecedents of her royal accuser necessarily made the task of the Crown counsel an invidious, if not a positively odious one, and no such duty could have been discharged with greater dignity and propriety of feeling—with more, in short, of the true spirit of the gentleman—than it was in this instance by the Solicitor-General.

Copley's career during the closing years of Lord Liverpool's administration was on the whole one of uneventful prosperity. Its uneventfulness is no doubt creditable to him, for those were days when an Attorney-General (he succeeded Gifford in January, 1824) had more power and more temptation to "make history" by the method of *ex-officio* informations than he has in these days. Oppressive enactments however do not necessarily find oppressive administrators, and in the exercise of his official quasi-censorship over the press, the Attorney-General displayed a wise moderation to which Lord Brougham many years after did eloquent justice in an after-dinner speech to the Newspaper Press Benevolent Association. Copley's, in fact, was one of those easy, good-natured, slightly *insouciant* temperaments with which power and prosperity well agree. He was not only too kindly, but one may suspect that he was not sufficiently in earnest in his politics to have the stuff in him of which persecutors are made. There was indeed a vein of light, semi-cynical indifferentism in his nature which Sir Theodore Martin's portrait, in its somewhat over-strained seriousness, appears hardly to reproduce. When Lord Campbell says that

Copley, though his eloquence was "wonderfully clear and forcible, could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate, having nothing in unison with them in his own bosom," that of course is only "pretty Johnny's way" of putting it. Copley no doubt had more depth of feeling than he showed on the surface; but his contempt for such appeals to the emotional as what he once called the "wife-and-ten-children face of Parke," was sometimes more than the mere repugnance of a man of strong but carefully restrained emotions for their exaggerated display. It belonged to that less serious side of his character which Sir Theodore Martin does indeed notice in the following passage:—

"It was the same disregard of the small conventions and hypocrisies of the barrister's creed which made him disregard the staid airs and the sober garb of the Inns of Court, show his handsome person in a dress turned out by a fashionable tailor, and drive about the streets of London in a small cabriolet with a tiger behind him. Lord Eldon, we may believe, was not the only lawyer who was shocked by what must, to people accustomed to accept traditional usages as sacred, have seemed an outrage upon decorum. It is told of the chancellor that when he asked his son what people would have said of him if he had driven about in this way when he was Solicitor-General, the son, who by no means shared his father's horror, made this sensible reply—'I will tell you, father, what they would have said, "There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England."' Known as Copley was to be as conscientious as he was able in doing his best for his clients, his indulgence in the dress and ways of the class to which socially he belonged never cost him a brief."

That Copley was a man distinguished for his social qualities and courted in the best London society, and that his wife's beauty and the admiration which she attracted from "many leading men in the political world," formed "another reason for his finding his way into the intimacy of the highest circles"—such facts as these are indeed referred to by Sir Theodore Martin, but one would never imagine from his narrative that there had ever been anything in the contemporary estimate of Lord Lynd-

hurst, as a "man of society," to justify such criticisms as were for instance passed by the late Mr. Bagehot upon his life.

Of the two chief political passages in Copley's career after his elevation to the woolsack in 1827—his share in the Catholic Relief legislation, and the part played by him in opposition to the Reform Bill, his biographer gives a very full and interesting account. As regards the former of these subjects, there would seem to be no *prima facie* reason why Lyndhurst should have found any more difficulty in justifying an honest and patriotic change of policy under pressure of impending civil war, than was experienced by Wellington or Peel. Yet one cannot compare the surrender of the soldier with that of the lawyer without feeling that the advantage in apparent sincerity is all on the side of the former. The duke appealed frankly to political necessity, and did not profess to have changed his opinions as to the abstract inexpediency of admitting the Catholic claims. The chancellor of course relied in the main on the same argument as his chief; but, advocate-like, he must needs have two strings to his bow. He owned that he had "formerly over-rated the dangers likely to result from concession." And then follows the passage in which occurred his well-known reply to the interruption of Lord Eldon:—

"'I contend,' he said, 'that a Protestant government has existed in this country from the period of Elizabeth down to that of William III.; and it is worthy of remark that during a century of that time Roman Catholics sat in Parliament and held offices under the Crown. . . . It is proved by the speech of Colonel Birch, who, in the course of his argument in the House of Commons in the time of Charles II., said: "Will you at one step turn out of both Houses of Parliament so many members?" evidently alluding to the Roman Catholics. I state this as one out of many facts—facts that never were disputed—to show that the Roman Catholics sat in Parliament under our Protestant Government.'

"Lord Eldon, Did the noble and learned lord know this last year?

"The Lord Chancellor. I did not; but I

have since been prosecuting my studies. I have advanced in knowledge, and, in my opinion, even the noble and learned lord might improve himself in the same way."

Effective as this may have been for debating purposes, it merely amounts to parrying a charge of disingenuousness by an admission of rather discreditable levity.

His attitude on the Reform question is open to no such criticism. His apprehensions as to the result of the measure appear to have been thoroughly genuine, and though the course he took was very damaging to his opponents, and at one time dangerous to the public peace, it could not expose him to just censure on any personal grounds. No doubt it may have been temporarily irritating to the Whigs of those angrily exciting days to find their most active and powerful opponent in a Lord Chief Baron, who owed his office to the generosity and public spirit of a Whig Ministry; but none of the better sort among them would, we may be sure, have regretted in his calmer moments that Lyndhurst declined to treat his appointment as something which neither the giver nor the receiver intended it to be at the time it was made—a bribe, namely, to purchase the silence of a dangerous political adversary. Nor can it be said that during the Grey and Melbourne administrations the Chief Baron made any factious use of his reserved liberty. His opposition to the Local Courts Bill was that of a lawyer and not of a politician; and perverse as it seems to us who from the standpoint of to-day retrospectively measure the immense gain which has resulted to the oppressed and needy from the cheapening of the law, there was no doubt much in the character of the measure as introduced in 1833 to startle all the Conservative instincts of the legal profession. In 1834 came the dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry, the summons of Sir Robert Peel from Italy to his majesty's counsels, and the provisional offer of the Chancellorship to Lord Lyndhurst

by the Duke of Wellington pending the return of the new premier to England. It is, as Sir Theodore Martin says, to the credit of Copley's party loyalty that he did not hesitate to resign the lucrative judicial office which he held, for so precarious a seat as the woolsack at that juncture appeared, and as in the event it proved, to be. The general election which followed was, as is well known, fatal to the hopes of the Tories. The short-lived ministry of Peel was defeated and resigned in April 1835, and Lyndhurst was condemned to judicial inaction from which he did not emerge till six years later, when in 1841 he became Chancellor for the third and last time, and remaining in office until the fall of the administration in 1846.

The close of his last chancellorship brings Lord Lyndhurst to the threshold of our generation, and his career onward to his death, at the great age of ninety-one, was passed under the eyes of men now only middle-aged. His position during the last fifteen years of his life was unique, full of the dignity of years, of the respect due to high public honours, and of the admiration attaching to remarkable powers astonishingly prolonged. His annual speeches in review of each session at its close were events in the parliamentary history of the year. The prognostics of his final oration have suffered from the perversity of subsequent events, but it would have been a noteworthy feat of memory, of reasoning, and of arrangement in a man of any age, and for a nonagenarian it was marvellous. There was scarcely any need for Sir Theodore Martin to exaggerate, as to some of us he will seem to have exaggerated, the public spirit, patriotism, and high political conscientiousness of the subject of his volume. He might have been content to claim for Lord Lyndhurst that place in his country's annals which will always be reserved for any statesman of abilities so commanding, and who, like him, has been no unworthy actor in great national events.

CAMP LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

On a summer's evening a few years ago, in the wild country known to Americans as the "Frontier," a youth of seventeen was wearily wending his way homeward after a long day of herding sheep on the prairies. He presented a decidedly forlorn appearance. Two years before, when at home in England, he was accustomed to call himself a "gentleman." But now we see only a sunburnt face very much begrimed with dust and perspiration, and a lean, bent figure, clad in a faded blue flannel shirt, coarse brown canvas trousers—so stained and discoloured by grease and dirt as to be almost black—clumsy, ill-fitting shoes, much the worse for wear, and an old felt hat that only by great exercise of imagination could one fancy had ever been white. Stretching out in front of him is the flock—some 1,500 in number—of all sizes and ages; from the long-legged wethers at the head, to the aggravating little two-months-old lambs loitering behind, which give endless trouble to the inexperienced, by their absurd practice of pretending to be too tired to move another step, until in desperation the herder leaves them to the tender mercies of wolf and mountain lion (puma), upon which, after one or two pettish "baas," they rejoin the flock. Our friend, however, is much too old a hand to take the least notice of these small members of his flock. He strolls languidly along, tired and thirsty, after his fifteen hours' tramp under a burning sun, with nothing to eat since breakfast—at 4.30 A.M.—and nothing to drink since two in the afternoon, and it is now nearly eight. Not that he thinks of complaining of that—it is the custom of the country; and as the same thing has occurred every day for the last two months he is

used to it by this time—or ought to be. Something does nevertheless trouble his mind, and as this lonely life begets the curious habit of audible soliloquy we can gather the substance of his grievance from the following ejaculations:—

"Well, I guess the dug-out (herder's hut) ought to be finished to-day; if so, I shall be sent into camp to-morrow. What a blessing that will be! it does one good to think of it. No more chores—when you come in at night dead beat—cutting wood, drawing water, and washing up the dishes, till your back nearly breaks, and it is half-past ten o'clock before you can get to bed. And then, if the sheep are not out before sun-up the next morning—that is to say, half-past four—isn't there a pretty row?"

"In camp—ah! let's see—to begin with, I shan't have a single chore worth mentioning, for the water is close to the cabin, plenty of drift-wood handy—only to be picked up—and not a soul to cook or do for but myself. Won't it be fine? You bet your life it will!"

With these comforting reflections and hopes for future happiness our herder whistles briskly to the sheep, and goes home to his supper and inevitable "chores" with a lighter heart than he had done for many a long day.

As this is simply a sketch of the life in camp anticipated with so much glee, we will pass over the events of the next twenty-four hours, merely saying that our friend's hopes were fulfilled; and we will rejoin him the following day as he is escorting his sheep homeward again—this time to "camp." Before, however, his experiences therein are related, perhaps it will give my readers a better idea of

the life if I describe first of all his surroundings.

To begin with, the camp is utterly isolated from the rest of mankind. The "home-rancho," three miles to the eastward, is the only habitation within reach. North, south, and west stretch the rolling prairies, broken only by the mesas—*i.e.* tablelands—the rocky sides of which give shelter to the wolves, bears, and pumas that are still to be found in the wilder parts of the Western territories.

The camp itself is what is called a "dug-out"—that is a small hut partly built above ground with logs chinked with mud, and partly dug out of a hill—hence its name—which was from 50 to 100 feet in height, supposed by the settlers to have been raised by Indians or Mexicans to indicate the presence of water. This "dug-out" is six feet square in size, with a flat board roof covered with earth, piled thickly in the centre, and thinned down towards the edges to allow the water to run off. At one corner of the roof a hole had been made, through which an old stove-pipe was pushed, and called by courtesy a chimney. Underneath this contrivance was an open fire-place; there was no pretence of a grate of any sort; the draught must be kept up by a scientific arrangement of the fuel, the learning to contrive which is more productive of profanity than anything else I know, but is absolutely necessary in camp.

The furniture of this mansion consists of a three-legged stool—originally intended for milking purposes—and two blankets. The first a large double one, standing for bedstead, mattress and sheets—and the second a single one, which answers for the counterpane. The pillow is composed of the sleeper's coat, waistcoat and—if the night is very warm and the sheep are quiet—trousers. Peeping from under the pillow is a large revolver, the herder's companion, philosopher and friend—never far from his hand by day or night. In

what sorry plight would the Western man be without his beloved six-shooter. In that lonely life, you may strip him of everything, may take even his horse, but leave him his revolver.

Next in order come the utensils. These are nine in number. 1. A shallow round tin dish, about eighteen inches in diameter, used at different times for washing clothes, face, hands, and dishes; also for kneading and making up the bread. 2. A three-legged iron pot, called also—like the chimney, by courtesy—a "bake-oven"; therein the bread is baked, coffee roasted and meat boiled. 3. A long-handled tin spoon. 4. A frying pan. 5. A coffee pot. 6. A tin plate. 7. Ditto cup. 8. A fork, which, by the by, has a detestable habit of eloping with the spoon, and never being at hand when wanted, its duties being performed by 9—the all-useful, indispensable "butcher-knife," which completes our list.

The provisions are as follows. A side of bacon, *salted, not cured*, a sack of flour, ditto of green coffee, a bag of black Mexican beans, a tin of soda—to be used instead of yeast—a barrel of mutton soaked in brine—to vary the monotony of the bacon—and a few onions.

These, reader, are the conditions under which the romantic "camp life," so often sighed after by English youth, is begun. Let us go on and see what delights, or otherwise, await our enterprising friend—delights that live in the comfortable home left in dear old England—which even yet is scarcely spoken of without a tender lowering of the voice, as if it were something sacred—and the rough, but social times at the home-rancho, are alike unable to afford him.

Arrived at camp with the sheep, our herder—whom I will call Jack Halliday—proceeds to prepare and demolish his supper, which strangely enough seems to want a relish that the one eaten only twenty-four hours before certainly possessed. It is a curious

thing, for the food is certainly the same, and he is quite as hungry. But there the feeling is. There is some consolation, though, in the exceedingly small amount of trouble required to wash his solitary plate, cup, &c., with water drawn from a pool close by, and heated in the "bake-oven." After that is over he sits down outside his dwelling, leisurely puffing his pipe, and enjoying the peace and quietness of his isolated home. Gradually, imperceptibly, this feeling changes. The silence becomes oppressive; and finally giving himself a sort of shake Jack jumps up and walks quickly towards the sheep, quietly feeding some 200 yards away. He gently and carefully urges them on to the side of the hill out of which the house is cut, and making a circuit to leave them undisturbed he returns to the hut. After moving restlessly about for a little while, one by one the sheep lie down, one by one the lambs, baaing for their mothers, subside, and at last, beyond an occasional sneeze or grunt, a dead silence reigns over the surrounding creation.

The bedding of the sheep accomplished, Jack makes up his own bed, and, lying down, thinks, as a matter of course, that he will at once drop off to sleep, as he has always done before. But the expected slumber will not come. The uneasy, uncomfortable, miserable feeling that, unconsciously to himself, has been steadily increasing ever since he arrived at camp, begins to get almost unbearable.

Suddenly his shepherd-dog, "Skip," lying at the door of the cabin, leaps up and flies out into the night barking loudly. Halliday seizes his loaded revolver, and going outside listens intently. The barking gets fainter and fainter. Skip is evidently chasing away some intruder, probably a coyote.

A wolf! Strange that that word makes his heart beat, and his fingers mechanically tighten round the lock of the pistol; for he knows these prairie-wolves are arrant cowards and will

attack nothing more formidable than a sheep. What causes this nervous dread even of a coyote? It is because, for the first time, a night must be spent alone, away on the prairies, far from any human being. All sorts of fears that had been smiled at before take full possession of him now. He finds himself trembling all over at—what? There's nothing to be afraid of.

"Ah, what's that? That black thing standing about twenty yards off—is it a bear? What can it be? Perhaps a mountain lion (puma) that knows I am alone." Jack raises his pistol to fire, when there is a rush of soft feet, a loud ringing bark from the returning dog, and the apparition—a great black Texan cow—gallops off as fast as its legs can carry it, kicking up much dust in the operation and protesting loudly all the way.

After a hearty laugh at himself and an affectionate caressing of the faithful dog, Jack again lies down, this time determined to sleep come what may. But it is not to be. Just as he is dozing off the dog barks a second time, but does not, as before, rush boldly out. There is another sound too that comes nearer and nearer, until it is directly overhead—the dull thunderous tramp of affrighted sheep. The young herder leaps out of bed in a twinkling, and issues forth, pistol in hand as before. The night is pitch dark, and he can distinguish nothing; but the sheep-bells are ringing furiously, proving that the animals are rushing wildly from some unseen enemy. The dog, curiously enough, after a few undecided nervous howls, subsides into silence. From these signs Jack knows at once that there must be a "mountain lion" about; an animal which, if left alone, will do terrible havoc among the flock; one puma having been known to cut the throats of thirty sheep in a night.

Jack instantly fires his pistol into the air, the report of which will probably scare the animal for a time. But it has spoiled his night's rest, and will do so for many a night to come.

This is, in fact, one of the greatest provocations that he has to endure. On every dark night this puma will be prowling around; and nothing but the greatest vigilance can keep him from inflicting fatal damage on the unfortunate sheep.

These animals never come except on the dark nights, when you cannot see a yard before you, and of course are quite noiseless in their movements. Moreover, it is a very dangerous business to attack them unless you are certain of killing at the first shot, because, if wounded, they have no hesitation in flying at a man; and, in consequence of their activity and tenacity of life, they are considered very nearly as formidable antagonists as the grizzly bear.

However, this continual disturbance, night after night, makes Jack desperate; and a desperate man, especially when young, will risk much. After trying many ways he at length hits upon one that seems to promise almost certain success. It involves the loss of a sheep, to be sure. But what will that matter, if he can only destroy the mountain lion?

The next day he shoots a young wether, and, dragging it to the door of the hut, he skins and dresses it. He then scoops out a little hollow, just in front of the door of the hut, which he manages to fill with the blood of the defunct sheep. The carcase he hangs inside, and as soon as it becomes dark he extinguishes his fire, unmuzzles and ties up the dog, and beds the sheep very close to camp. He then places himself at the door, with one hand on the lock, ready to jump out and fire the moment he hears the puma outside lapping up the blood placed ready for it.

Slowly and wearily the time drags on. At first visions of a life and death struggle with a wounded puma keep the young herder in a painful state of anxiety. Every time a sheep sneezes he holds his breath in suspense, thinking the animal is coming. But hour after hour goes by, and still

the sheep remain quiet, still the dog sleeps on. Finally Jack finds himself getting drowsier and drowsier. Once, twice, his head drops, and he brings himself up with a jerk, the second time nearly letting go his revolver. Just as he is going off for the third time he is roused by the ominous, unmistakable rush of terrified sheep, and the dog starts up with a smothered growl. Now comes a fresh anxiety. Will the lion prefer a live sheep, even with the trouble of catching it, to a problematical dead one? Jack gets horribly anxious and curses his own thoughtlessness in an emphatic and earnest manner. But he cannot bear to give up this chance until the last moment. He listens intently; the stamping of the scared sheep gets fainter, and the tinkling of the bells sounds terribly far away.

Jack is just about to throw open the door and rush after them, when his attention is drawn to the behaviour of his dog. Her smothered growl has changed to a long-drawn whine that expresses helpless terror, if any sound from a dog ever did so. He hesitates, with his hand on the lock of the door. Possibly the puma *has* scented the dead sheep and is close around, after all.

"Hist! What is that? Something brushing past the door? Yes, there it is again! No mistake about it, it must be the lion." Trembling with excitement, he slowly and cautiously turns the handle. Lap, lap—it is licking up the blood. Now for it! Throwing the door wide open with one hand, he fires in the direction of the enemy with the other. There is a hiss like that of a gigantic cat, and—dead silence.

With a quick impulse of self-preservation Jack shuts himself into the hut again, though with small chance of warding off the danger in that way, for the creature could batter the slight framework of wood in with a blow of its paw. When will it come? Could he have killed it at the first shot? He must have hit it, the distance was so short. For a minute or

two Jack remains quiet, listening; but soon the suspense becomes intolerable. He looses and unmuzzles the dog, which, to his surprise, trots quite comfortably up to the door, wishing to be let out again. Jack throws it open, standing ready for the onslaught of the wounded animal. But none comes. Skip walks out, snuffing about uneasily, it is true, but otherwise showing no particular agitation. Jack begins now to have a dim suspicion that he has made a fool of himself; that the mountain lion has a charmed life, and that "his last chance" has failed.

There is nothing to be done but to comfort himself with the idea, however, that the animal has been thoroughly scared and perhaps wounded; anyhow will not pester him again. At any rate it will cause no more-annoyance to-night; so, after hunting up the sheep, who have composed themselves to rest some three hundreds yards off, and looking for the carcase of a dead or dying puma all the way, our herder at last turns in.

His calculations do not, however, turn out correct. With a pertinacity truly diabolical this puma still prowls about on every dark night, and drives poor Jack into a state between calousness and despair. But all things come to an end in time, and after three weeks of this work he has his revenge. All day, before the night in question, the air has been fearfully oppressive, and by sundown heavy thunder-clouds begin to gather, and by the time supper is over and the sheep are bedded down it is pretty evident that there is going to be a terrible storm.

Everything is perfectly still; the darkness can be almost felt. Suddenly the sky is lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning that lasts for nearly half a minute. Casting his eye in the direction of the sheep, Jack sees something that makes him dive into the house and buckle on his pistol, in spite of the great drops of rain that are beginning to fall. Only fifty yards

from the sheep is the veritable mountain lion, seen now for the first time. If only a flash as bright as the last will come before the rain pours down! The sheep have also seen their enemy, and come crowding up towards camp, baaing as if for protection, collecting, in their terror, about the man and dog, and even taking refuge in the dug-out. Another minute goes by; with his pistol held in both hands, to insure a certain aim, the young herder waits for the second flash of lightning. It comes. Twenty yards away now, standing erect and looking—Jack afterwards declared—"as big as a hippopotamus," is the puma.

"Crack" went the revolver, and simultaneously with the report down comes the rain in torrents, and all further sound is drowned by the terrific peal of thunder following the lightning. Jack leaps back into the hut, and kicking out the intruding sheep locks himself in, waiting until the storm subsides and feeling instinctively that this time he has not missed his mark.

The rain, however, comes down in a steady pour that promises to continue all night, so Jack rolls himself in his blankets and leaves all further research till morning.

At daylight he turns out, expecting to find that the sheep had taken their departure to happier lands, as they usually do when they are left to their own devices and it is particularly necessary for them to remain at home. This time, however, his fears are not realised—they having merely adjoined to the lee side of the hill.

Next he investigates the place where he fondly hopes he had slain his troublesome enemy the night before. There is no puma, that is quite certain; but on approaching the spot there are unmistakable signs of an animal having struggled in great agony. The grass is torn up by the roots in many places, and in three little hollows there are three little pools of blood. Evidently the puma had been hard hit; but how it

contrived to take itself off and creep away to its den—probably at least a mile away—are problems not destined to be solved. For weeks afterwards Jack hunts in every possible and impossible direction for the body, but never discovers it. However, the game is played out. From that time forth he is not again annoyed by mountain lions.

For a week or two after the adventures just described, Jack Halliday lived a peaceful, though lonely and dreary life. The irrational blind sort of terror experienced the first night in camp soon died away, but in its place came a dull, callous recklessness, bred by the unvarying monotony and utter loneliness of the life. Oh for some human companion! How gladly would he do any drudgery, any overwork, if he could but live with his fellow-creatures again! But there was no help for it. Some one must take the sheep into camp, and why not he? All those who called themselves "western men" had done it before him. Once a week his employer rode down, bringing provisions and any letter or papers from home. These, together with his Bible, hymn-book, and Randall's *Sheep Husbandry* were all the literature with which to pass the weary time. Novels were not allowed, nor, in fact, continued reading of any kind, as it might take his attention off the sheep.

So day after day went by, and this hard indifference grew steadily upon him; he had become more and more careless of exposing himself to an attack from the mountain lion, and had he seen it would have fired instantly, though, even if it were mortally wounded, there would be small chance of his escaping with his life.

Even the rough, careless observation of his employer—rough and careless because he had lived this life for months at a time, and had forgotten the effect of his first few weeks in camp—noticed a change; a grim compression of the lips and sullen lowering of the eyebrows not seen

before. But these were satisfactory signs to the experienced ranchman, who knew what qualities most required fostering in the embryo "western-man." "The boy's getting considerable toned down," he soliloquised as he rode home. "Not much left of the tender foot now; he has a lot more 'get-up' to him than he had before he went into camp. There's jest one more thing he's got to know about, which I'd half a mind to tell him of, only they can't be around yet. And if he stands that all right, why he'll dew."

The "one more thing" that was to complete Jack's education occurred about a month after his first arrival in camp.

The sun had just set, and the young herder had kindled his fire and put the coffee-pot on to boil. According to custom, when he reached this stage in his cooking he went outside and climbed to the brow of the hill behind to see how the sheep—left about half a mile off—were getting on; whether they were dutifully turning their heads towards camp, or perversely going another way. This evening he had hardly made sure that they were coming in the right direction when, sweeping the horizon carelessly with his eye, he saw two men on horseback riding at full gallop and striking straight for camp.

Jack instantly descended to the house, and buckling on his loaded revolver, and placing the coffee-pot at a safe distance from the fire, he strolled out to meet the new comers, now rapidly approaching.

The strangers, to judge from their personal appearance, were "cow-boys," i.e. men employed to drive and handle the wild Texan and half-bred cattle that roam the western prairies. They wore the usual dress of their profession—broad-brimmed grey hats, blue flannel shirts, buckskin riding trousers, with a fringe running down the sides—Indian fashion—and long boots.

Two peculiarities were noticeable about these men—firstly, their horses

were without saddles; and secondly, they were continually looking behind them as if expecting pursuit of some kind. They did not speak a word until they had pulled up close to Jack, when one, apparently the elder of the two—with a red face set in lines of iron, especially about the mouth, but somewhat redeemed by a kindly pair of blue eyes—rolled off his horse, and after shaking Halliday's hand for a moment or two in silence, to get breath after his hard gallop, said—

"Say, stranger, can you put us up to-night at yer camp? We're both dead-beat, and I don't b'lieve our horses can git another step."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "if you don't mind bacon and beans. But what's the matter, boys? you look kind of wild, your ponies' bare backs too, and——"

"You bet we've not been skinning along at this rate for nothing, cap'n. But wait till we've put the horses out, and had a bit of supper, and I'll tell yer all about it. The brutes won't be 'round for the next hour or two, Jim, will they?" he added, addressing his companion, a quiet, taciturn-looking lad of nineteen, who, replying with a shake of the head, and a curt—"I guess not," moved towards the hut.

The two strangers then, without further ceremony, borrowing a picket rope from Jack, put their horses out to feed, and followed him into the cabin. The younger man, Jim, flung himself on the ground without a word, but the other man, taking hold of the frying-pan, began to help Jack to prepare the supper.

No further conversation passed between the young herder and his strange guests, except a question or two concerning the whereabouts of the food or utensils. Soon a substantial meal was prepared, and the three sat down to devour it with butcher-knives and fingers. After he had demolished the best part of a panful of beans, several slices of bread and bacon and drunk some deep draughts of coffee, the elder stranger, who was addressed by his

companion as "Luke," raised his head, and, without further preface, began his story in these words—

"You would like to know, cap'n, what me and Jim here were loping along in such a cussed hurry for, eh? Well, young man, don't get more scared than you can help, but I guess by the time the moon rises, at ten o'clock to-night, there may be something like one hundred Indians around this 'ere dug-out."

"Indians!" exclaimed Jack. "Good God! what do you mean?"

"What I say, I *guess*," replied Luke, drily, helping himself to the last slice of bacon. "The facts is these. Me and two other boys, Jim here, and another, Tom Lakin, were hunting up some beef steers, supposed to be in this locality somewhere, belonging to our boss, old man Williams—I don't know whether you're acquainted with him. Well, we had been foolin' round all day, and were watering our horses at the Chicareeka river, about ten miles from here, when all of a sudden we heard a yell, and before we could pull out our six-shooters, much less use 'em, we were surrounded by about fifty Ute and Apache Indians, and roped like so many calves. Well, it was a cheerful look-out, I tell you. The devils had their war-paint on, and yew know how much mercy cow-boys have to expect from Indians then. However, we were the first whites they had got hold of, and they were in such an almighty hurry to begin the torturing, that they stripped and tied up poor Tom Lakin at once, and left Jim and me pretty much to our own devices, crowdin' round Tom, enjoying his agony, like—like the devils that they are. Devils, did I say? By the Lord! a thoroughbred devil would be ashamed to do the things that a Ute Indian delights in.

"However, as I was saying, the skunks left Jim and me to ourselves, and pretty soon I wriggled one hand loose and got at my knife, which they had not even stripped me of in their cussed hurry for the fun to begin;

and in about two minutes we had found our ponies and left. We struck direct east towards the settlements, and your camp's the first place we came across."

"Do you think they will follow you?" said Jack anxiously.

"Follow us?" replied Luke, with a scornful laugh. "Didn't I tell you they'd be all around this camp by ten o'clock to-night? Why, they are scooting along on our tracks this minute, I expect."

This was an extremely pleasant prospect. Three men with one revolver between them and three knives, against a band of Indians, armed—as they always are nowadays—with repeating rifles. The terrible significance of this fact prevented Jack from speaking for a moment. His visitor saw his alarm, and said, reassuringly—

"If we keep a look-out and fire the six-shooter in their direction when we hear them getting too close, I guess we shall be all right. Remember, Indians ain't going to take chances any more than anybody else; and, for all they know, we may have a dozen rifles here instead of a solitary pistol; and unless they are put to it, they never attack a ranche that has an armed man in it, *on the alert*. Why, boy, don't you know that they come around this country pretty near every Fall; but only once in every five years or so is there a raid, and you have too many old Indian fighters about here for them to be at all likely to try that little game in this locality. Still, they'll soon find that you're by yourself, and you must keep a lively look-out, nights, or you'll be waking up some fine morning with your scalp missing. You never can tell when they will come or when they won't. Take it for certain that they are allers around, and you're pretty safe—barrin' accidents! Now you jest turn in with Jim there; I'll keep watch and wake you when I hear them coming."

With these rough but kindly meant words, garnished with a plentiful

supply of oaths, which I do not, for obvious reasons, introduce, the cowboy lit his pipe with a cinder, and, folding his arms, tilted his head back in a good position for listening, sitting as stolid and motionless as an Egyptian mummy. Jack, not feeling much inclined for repose after this piece of good tidings, tried to get some more conversation out of him, but in vain; the only reply was a grunt and the gruff advice that he (Jack) had better sleep while he could, for he would not be likely to get much for the next week or two; which advice the boy, not being able to gainsay, at last followed; soothed, in spite of himself, by the cool and easy indifference of the grim western-man.

Luke sat in the same position for two hours, occasionally yawning and stretching his limbs, but his eyes never relaxing from the fixed vacant stare, that a man unacquainted with western ways would have taken to express hopeless imbecility, but which, in reality, meant that all his faculties were concentrated in intent listening.

Suddenly he bent forward, the vacant stare giving way to a keen, watchful look as he nodded his head as if satisfied, and muttered some inaudible words to himself, a sarcastic smile gathering over his face, which grew until it found vent in a low chuckle of complacency. After waiting a minute or two he touched the leg of his companion, Jim, who noiselessly rolled over and sat up. Another minute passed, then Luke raised his finger in a meaning manner, and Jim bent his head forward in the same listening attitude. He nodded silently in acquiescence, and then said, laconically, pointing to Jack—

"Wake him?"

"No, not for a spell," replied Luke. "They're some way off yet."

Ten minutes more passed by, the two cow-boys sitting like statues. Then Luke shook Jack's shoulder gently, to rouse him. Jack gave a violent start, felt for his pistol, and didn't find it, and jumped hastily up.

"Gently man, gently," growled Luke in a low voice.

"Have they come?" whispered Jack.

"Listen," was the reply.

Jack did so. At first he heard nothing. Then from afar off on the prairie came the weird howl of a coyote.

"Did you hear it?" said Luke.

"Hear what?"

"The call of the Indian scout."

"No, I heard a coyote howl."

"A coyote, eh?" said Luke, sarcastically. "I guess you'd think the animal that made that noise a queer sort of coyote. Coyote be hanged, man! Listen again."

The boy did so, and again heard the cry of a wolf, or so well imitated that his unpractised ear could not tell the difference. But he noticed that the second bark came from an almost opposite direction to the first, and sounded as if it were a little nearer. Then followed another long silence, more trying to Jack Halliday's nerves than anything he had gone through before in his life; he attempted to speak to Luke once, but the cow-boy stopped him with an impatient gesture. Just as it was getting insupportable, and Jack was about to break it at all costs, the melancholy "woo-oo" of the night-owl was heard, not more than a few hundred yards off, exactly in front of the cabin-door. As the sound died away Jack heard another—a very different one—the sharp "click" of a pistol being cocked, and, turning quickly round, he saw Luke carefully examining his (Jack's) missing revolver; another minute or two passed, when with a startling distinctness, that sent a thrill of horror through the boy's frame, came the answering signal "woo-oo-ooo."

He kept his eyes fixed upon the two cow-boys, who, in spite of the nearness of the danger, preserved a calm, deadly sort of coolness, seen in men, the circumstances of whose every-day existence in this world are so precarious and so little worth having, that they look with indifference—not to say

complacency—at the chance of being transported to another. Luke, noticing the young herder's agonised look of inquiry, said quietly—

"We'll let 'em get a bit closer first. I might put a hole through one of the brutes then."

Another period of silence passed, and Luke crept out of the cabin, panther-like, on hands and knees.

A second more, and the loud report of the pistol rang out on the still night. Another and another followed. The other two men crouched near the door, knife in hand, listening for an answer from the Indians. But Luke reappeared immediately and reloaded the revolver, cursing his ill luck at having hit no one. He then stepped outside again and listened intently, with his ear close to the ground. Apparently satisfying himself that the Indians had abandoned the attack, he quieted the startled sheep, and, coming briskly back into the cabin, said, with a sigh of relief—

"Well, boys, I guess that foolery's over for to-night. There won't be any more of 'em scootin' round for the next twenty-four hours anyhow, so we can jest naterally turn in, and sleep like over-worked niggers. Let's have a share of that Californy blanket, will you, cap'n?" turning to Jack. "I'm not goin' to keep awake any longer for all the Indians from here to the Gulf of Mexico. Goodnight."

So saying, the young man spread Jack's blanket so as to make room for them both, and in two minutes was sound asleep. Needless to say that Jack found it impossible to follow this good example. He tossed and turned, grew hot and cold alternately, and fancied every minute that he could hear again the ominous signals of the Indian scouts. At last the night came to an end and the bright morning sun seemed to carry away the weight of apprehension that had oppressed our herder so heavily only a few hours before. The three men rolled out of bed, Jack to prepare breakfast, and the other two to see after their horses—staked

out close to camp the night before. Luke soon returned, and at once took charge of the cooking department, frying slices of bacon and baking bread with the dexterity of an old hand. Jim, meanwhile, herded the sheep until the preparations were concluded, when he was recalled to camp by a stentorian "Texan yell" from his comrade.

Breakfast over, Jack's visitors brought up their horses and prepared to depart. Jim, the man of few words, merely gave Jack's hand a hard grip, and mounting his pony, with a simple "Adios," struck off at a brisk walk towards the nearest frontier town. Luke, however, stepped up, and laying his hand on Jack's shoulder gave him this parting advice—

"Well, lad, I am afraid you'll have a tough time of it; those red devils will come to have a peep at you mor'n once; on moonlight nights you will never be certain that they ain't around. You keep that six-shooter of yours handy, and pop off when coyotes and owls begins to git troublesome. But mind this, Jack," he said in conclusion, fixing his eyes upon the boy's face and speaking with that slow, distinct, drawling delivery used by the western man when he wishes particularly to press something upon your attention, "mind this, I say, if those 'ere Ute Indians should crowd you some fine night, through you, by bad luck, over-sleeping yourself, mind you are not taken alive. Do you hear? *Mind you're not taken alive.* Have your butcher-knife in bed with you *always*. Keep it close, with the pint in this *dir-rection*"—pointing to his breast—"and when the first red-skin sticks his nose inside that door, drive it straight in, up to the hilt, that's all. It will come to the same thing in the end, and probably save you a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire. Well, take care of yourself; see you again some day. Adios!"

With these cheering farewell words the cow-boy threw himself on his

horse, and giving the bridle a shake, galloped after his retreating companion. Jack turned after the flock, his newly-recovered spirits considerably damped by Luke Remington's warning. But being of a buoyant disposition his fears soon vanished, and, as he traversed the familiar paths, the terrors of the past night seemed like a dream. However, evening came again, and by sundown the memory of the Indians began to recur vividly, and made him correspondingly uncomfortable. Supper was over, the ashes of the nocturnal pipe knocked out, and the darkness and silence were again supreme.

As yet, however, he felt nothing worse than a rather unpleasant twinge of the dumb sort of misery experienced on the first night in camp. Luke had assured him that there was nothing to fear from the Indians until the moon rose. That would not be for at least three hours, so Jack rolled himself in his blankets and tried to compose himself to sleep. He did not expect to be able to do so, for those ominous words, "never be taken alive," kept eternally ringing in his ears, as if spoken only a few minutes before. But the loss of sleep the night before had its effect. And, notwithstanding his fears, a great drowsiness crept upon him, and he was soon as fast asleep as a dormouse. Some three or four hours passed, the silence only broken by the heavy breathing of the sleeper. Suddenly Jack gave a violent start, and in a moment was wide awake. Why was it? He was unconscious of any cause for this agitation. He could see nothing, hear nothing. "Stay—what is that? Woo-oo-ooo. The prairie owl signal! O God! the Indians have come. But wait a minute; after all it may be really the bird." With a cold perspiration of terror breaking out all over him Jack held his breath, listening for the answering call.

An hour seemed to pass—in reality a few seconds—and the young herder was just drawing a deep breath of

relief, when cruelly distinct and clear, from an opposite direction, a reply came. For the first and last time in his life the boy realised what the expression "nearly dying with fright" meant. He could not move hand or foot; he seemed to hear his merciless foes creeping steadily from every direction towards the hut; he gasped convulsively for the breath that would not come. Every detail of the horrible tortures practised by the Indians upon their unfortunate captives—summarised roughly by Luke as "a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire"—came back with terrible vividness to his memory. If he could only have strength to kill himself! Where was the knife? He contrived to move his right hand feebly about, endeavouring to lay hold of it. At last the back of his hand struck against something hard and smooth. The knife? No; the handle of his revolver. His fingers mechanically closed round it, and with the touch of the familiar weapon returned the sense of life and power—numbed for the time by the terror caused by the proximity of a deadly yet unseen enemy.

With a defiant, desperate cry he leapt from his bed, and rushing outside fired his pistol right and left. Every shot seemed to add to his excitement. He emptied the pistol, reloaded it, and fired in every direction. By this time the reaction, after the paralysing fright, was so strong that he might well have been taken by any one for a madman. He stamped, foamed at the mouth, and shrieked defiance at the Indians, who, discovering again that the garrison was dangerously on the watch, were probably creeping away as silently as they had come. But to Jack's overwrought fancy they were still crouching around, just waiting until he was off his guard to steal in, scalp, and torture him to death.

However, getting no answer to his challenge, and his fevered blood beginning to cool a little, Jack at last returned to his cabin. But he never

closed his eyes again that night. Hour after hour he sat watching, with clenched teeth and distended eyes, starting at every sound, and half expecting, against his cooler judgment, that the Indians would come after all.

Morning at last appeared, and, to his great surprise, he found himself alive and unscalped. But—though after a good breakfast and a stretching five-mile race after the sheep his courage returned—he did not feel, this time, that the ugly experience of the preceding nine hours was a dream. What was most surprising, however, was, that he had lost all fear of the Indians, coming again. When he thought of the darkness and silence, the weird ghostly signals drawing nearer and nearer, instead of the shiver of apprehension experienced before, there came a hard callous feeling that seemed to say "Let them do their worst, I don't care."

As day after day went by, and every night, when he lay down to sleep, he was never sure of waking alive the next morning, youthful enthusiasm and the pleasure in life, for its own sake, died away. He was never molested by Indians, it was true, nor did he ever see them, but time after time he had to face the idea that alone and helpless he was surrounded by treacherous foes. Let him once oversleep himself, and there would be nothing for it but suicide, or torture and a lingering death.

After a few months of camp-life he returned again to the ranche, and, rough as it was, it seemed almost heavenly after camp. Jack Halliday was, in fact, never alone for any length of time in camp again, and the chances of life brought him back to England in two years from that time. But though he is now settled in the "old country," with small chance of ever trying western life again, the impression stamped on his character by the experiences I have here described is too deep ever to be quite effaced.

ARTHUR H. PATERSON.

IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.¹

II.

NOTHING strikes the sojourner in Alsace-Lorraine more forcibly than the outspokenness of its inhabitants regarding Prussian rule. Young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple alike unburden themselves to their chance-made English acquaintance with a candour that is at the same time amusing and pathetic. For the most part no heed whatever is paid to possible German listeners. At the ordinaries of country hotels, by the shop door, in the railway carriage Alsations will pour out their hearts, especially the women, who, as two pretty sisters assured us, are not interfered with, be their conversation of the most treasonable kind. We travelled with these two charming girls from Barr to Rothau, and they corroborated what we had already heard at Barr and other places. The Prussian inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine—for the most part Government officials—are completely shut off from all social intercourse with the French population, the latter, of course, still forming the vast majority. Thus at Barr, a town consisting of over six thousand inhabitants, only a score or two are Prussians, who are employed in the railway and postal service, the police, the survey of forests, &c. The position of these officials is far from agreeable, although, on the other hand, there is compensation in the shape of higher pay, and much more material comfort, even luxury, than are to be had in the Fatherland. Alsace-Lorraine, especially by comparison with Prussia, may be called a land of Goshen, overflowing with milk and honey. The vine ripens on

these warm hill-sides and rocky terraces, the plain produces abundant variety of fruit and vegetables, the streams abound with trout and the forests with game. No wonder, therefore, that whilst thousands of patriotic Alsations have already quitted the country, thousands of Prussians are ready to fill their places. But the Alsatian exodus is far from finished. There can indeed be little doubt that it is only now beginning in real earnest. At first, as was only natural, the inhabitants could not realise the annexation. They refused to believe that the Prussian occupation was final, so, for the most part, stayed on, hoping against hope. But the time of illusion is past. French parents of children born since the war must now or very speedily decide whether their sons are to become Prussian or French citizens. After the age of sixteen a lad's fate is no longer in their hands; he must don the uniform so odious in French eyes, and renounce the cherished *patrie* and *tricolor* for ever.

This enforced military service, necessitated perhaps by the new order of things, is the bitterest drop in the cup of the Alsations. Only the poorest, and those who are too much hampered by circumstances to evade it, resign themselves to the enrolment of their sons in the German army. For this reason well-to-do parents, and even many in the humbler ranks of life, are quitting the country in much larger numbers than is taken account of, whilst all who can possibly afford it send their young sons across the frontier for the purpose of giving them a French education. The prohibition of French in the public schools and colleges is

¹ I follow French usage in designating under the head of Alsace-Lorraine that part of French territory annexed by Prussia in 1870-1.

another grievous condition of annexation. Alsatians of all ranks are therefore under the necessity of providing private masters for their children, unless they would let them grow up in ignorance of their mother tongue. And here a word of explanation may be necessary. Let no strangers in Alsace take it for granted that because a great part of the rural population speak a *patois* made up of bad German and equally bad French, they are any more German at heart for all that. Some of the most patriotic French inhabitants of Alsace can only express themselves in this dialect, a fact that should not surprise us, seeing the amalgamation of races that has been going on for many generations.

It must be admitted that, physically speaking, the result is satisfactory. In Alsace-Lorraine no one can help being struck with the fine appearance of the people. The men are tall, handsome, and well made, the women graceful and often exceedingly lovely, French piquancy and symmetrical proportions combined with Teutonic fairness of complexion, blonde hair, and blue eyes. I will now continue my journey from Barr to Strasburg by way of the Ban de la Roche, Oberlin's country. A railway connects Barr with Rothau, a very pleasant halting-place in the midst of sweet pastoral scenery. It is another of those resorts in Alsace whither holiday folks flock from Strasburg and other towns during the long vacation, in quest of health, recreation, and society.

Rothau is a very prosperous little town, with large factories, handsome châteaux of mill-owners, and trim little cottages, having flowers in all the windows and a trellised vine in every garden. Pomegranates and oleanders are in full bloom here and there, and the general aspect is bright and cheerful. At Rothau are several *blanchisseries* or laundries, on a large scale, employing many hands, besides dye-works and saw-mills. Through the town runs the little

river Bruche, and the whole district, known as the Ban de la Roche a hundred years ago, one of the dreariest regions in France, is now all smiling fertility. The principal building in Rothau is its handsome Protestant church—for here we are among Protestants, although of a less zealous temper than their forefathers, the fervid Anabaptists. I attended morning service, and although a very eloquent preacher from Paris officiated, the audience was small, and the general impression that of coldness and want of animation.

From the sweet, fragrant valley of Rothau a road winds amid green hills and by the tumbling river to the little old-world village of Foudai, where Oberlin lies buried. The tiny church and shady churchyard lie above the village, and a more out-of-the-way spot than Foudai itself can hardly be imagined. Yet many a pious pilgrim finds it out and comes hither to pay a tribute to the memory of "Papa Oberlin," as he was artlessly called by the country folk. This is the inscription at the head of the plain stone slab marking his resting-place; and it is very suggestive of the relation between the pastor and his flock. Oberlin's career of sixty years among the primitive people of the Ban de la Roche was rather that of a missionary among an uncivilised race than of a country priest among his parishioners. How Oberlin toiled, and how he induced others to toil, in order to raise the material as well as moral and spiritual conditions of his charge, is known to all. Nor does it require any lively fancy to picture what this region must have been like before Oberlin and his fellow-workers made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. The soil is rocky and barren, the hill-sides whitened with mountain streams, the more fertile spots isolated and difficult of access. An elaborate system of irrigation has now clothed the valleys with rich pastures, the river turns a dozen wheels, and every available inch of soil has been turned to account.

The cottages with orchards and flower-gardens are trim and comfortable. The place is a veritable little Arcadia. No less so is Waldersbach, which was Oberlin's home. The little river winding amid hayfields and fruit-trees leads us thither from Foudai in half an hour. It is Sunday afternoon, and a fête-day. Young and old in Sunday garb are keeping holiday, the lads and lasses waltzing, the children enjoying swings and peep-shows. No acerbity has lingered among these descendants of the austere parishioners of Oberlin. Here, as at Foudai, the entire population is Protestant. The church and parsonage lie at the back of the village, and we were warmly welcomed by the pastor and his wife, a great-great-granddaughter of Oberlin. Their six pretty children were playing in the garden with two young girls in the costume of Alsace, forming a pleasant domestic picture. Our hosts showed us many relics of Oberlin, the handsome cabinets and presses of carved oak, in which were stored the family wardrobe and other treasures, and in the study the table on which he habitually wrote. This is a charming upper room with wide views over the green hills and sunny, peaceful valley.

We were offered hospitality for days, nay, weeks, if we chose to stay, and even the use of Oberlin's study to sit and write in! A summer might be pleasantly spent here, with quiet mornings in this cheerful chamber, full of pious memories, and in the afternoon long rambles with the children over the peaceful hills. From Foudai, too, you may climb the wild rocky plateau known as the Champs de Feu—no spot in the Vosges chain more interesting from a geological point of view.

After much pleasant talk we took leave of our kind hosts, not going away, however, without visiting the church. A tablet with medallion portrait of Oberlin bears the touching inscription that for fifty-nine years he was "the father of this parish." Then

we drove back as we had come, stopping at Foudai to rest the horse and drink tea. We were served in a cool little parlour opening on to a garden, and so tempting looked the tiny inn that we regretted we could not stay there a week. A pleasant pastoral country, the Ban de la Roche, rather than romantic or picturesque, but close at hand is the lofty Donon, which may be climbed from Rothau or Foudai, and there are many other excursions within reach.

Here, for the present, the romance of Alsace travel ends, and all is prose of a somewhat painful kind. The first object that attracts attention on reaching Strasburg is the new railway station, of which we had already heard so much. This handsome structure, erected by the Prussian Government at an enormous cost, was only recently opened, and so great was the soreness of feeling excited by certain allegorical bas-reliefs decorating the façade that for many days after the opening of the station police officers in plain clothes carefully watched the crowd of spectators, to carry off the more seditious to prison. To say the least of it, these mural decorations are not in the best of taste, and at any rate it would have been better to withhold them for the present. The two small bas-reliefs in question bear respectively the inscription, "*Im alten, und im neuen Reich*" ("In the old and new Empire"), improved by a stander-by, to the great relish of others, thus, "*Im alten, reich, im neuen, arm*" ("In the old, rich, in the new, poor"). They give a somewhat ideal representation of the surrender of Strasburg to the German Emperor. But the bombardment of their city, the destruction of public monuments, and the loss of life and property thereby occasioned, are as yet fresh in the memories of the inhabitants, and they needed no such reminder of the new state of things. Their better feelings towards Germany have been bombarded out of them, as an Alsacienne wittily observed to the Duchess of Baden after the surrender. The duchess, daughter to the Em-

peror William, made the round of the hospitals, and not a single Alsatian soldier but turned his face to the wall, whereupon she expressed her astonishment at not finding a better sentiment. Nor can the lover of art help drawing a painful contrast between the Strasburg of the old and the new régime. There is very little to see at Strasburg except the cathedral now. The Library, with its 300,000 volumes and 1,500 manuscripts—the priceless *Hortus Deliciarum* of the twelfth century, richly illuminated and ornamented with miniatures invaluable to the student of men and manners of the Middle Ages, the missal of Louis XII., bearing his arms, the *Recueil de Prières* of the eighth century—all these were completely destroyed by the ruthless Prussian bombardment. The Museum, rich in *chefs d'œuvre* of the French school, both of sculpture and painting, the handsome Protestant church, the theatre, the Palais de Justice, all shared the same fate, not to speak of buildings of lesser importance, including four hundred private dwellings, and of the fifteen hundred civilians, men, women, and children, killed and wounded by the shells. The fine church of St. Thomas suffered greatly. Nor was the cathedral spared, and it would doubtless have perished altogether too but for the enforced surrender of the heroic city.

Strasburg is said to contain a much larger German element than any other city of Alsace-Lorraine, but the most casual observer soon finds out how it stands with the bulk of the people. The first thing that attracted our notice in a shop window was a coloured illustration representing the funeral procession of Gambetta, as it wound slowly past the veiled statue of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde. These displays of patriotic feeling are forbidden, but they come to the fore all the same. Here, as elsewhere, the clinging to the old country is pathetically—sometimes comically—apparent. A rough peasant girl, employed as

chamber-maid in the hotel at which we stayed, amused me not a little by her tirades against the Prussians, spoken in a language that was neither German nor French, but a mixture of both—the delectable tongue of Alsace.

Strasburg is now a vast camp, with that perpetual noisy military parade so wearisome in Berlin and other German cities, and, as I have said, there is very little to see there now. It is a relief to get to Mulhouse, the comparatively quiet and thoroughly French city of Mulhouse, in spite of all attempts to make it German. But for the imperial eagle placed over public offices and the sprinkling of Prussian helmets and Prussian physiognomies, we could hardly suppose ourselves outside the French border. The shops are French. French is the language of the better classes, and French and Jews make up the bulk of the population. The Jews from time immemorial have swarmed in Alsace, where I am sorry to say they seem to be little liked.

This thoroughly French appearance of Mulhouse, to be accounted for moreover by an intensely patriotic clinging to the mother country, naturally occasions great vexation to the German authorities. It is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that undignified provocations and reprisals should be the consequence. Thus the law forbids the putting up of French signboards or names over shop doors in any but the German language. This is evaded by withholding all else except the surname of the individual, which is of course the same in both languages.

A good deal of unnecessary irritation is again caused at post-offices and railway stations, by the persistent usage of German, with which many inhabitants of Mulhouse are unfamiliar. "Speak German, and you will be promptly and courteously attended to," whispered an Alsatian friend to me when I went to the post-office with a good many packets to despatch, and true enough the stranger who wishes to get on comfortably in Mulhouse must address all government officials

in German. "Now that you have the honour to be German, I wonder you do not learn the language," said a German lady to an Alsacienne of my acquaintance. "*Madame*," replied the Frenchwoman, "*voilà une raison de moins.*" Again, when the theatre is hired by a German company, not a single French spectator patronises it; on the contrary, when a French troupe gives a representation, every part of the building is occupied.

One instance more of the small annoyances to which the French residents of Mulhouse are subject, a trifling one, yet sufficient to irritate. Eight months after the annexation, orders were sent round to the pastors and clergy generally to offer up prayers for the Emperor William every Sunday. The order was obeyed, for refusal would have been assuredly followed by dismissal, but the prayer is ungraciously performed. The French pastors invoke the blessing of Heaven on "*l'Empereur qui nous gouverne.*" The pastors who perform the service in German, pray not for "our Emperor," as is the apparently loyal fashion in the Fatherland, but for "the Emperor." These things are trifling grievances, but on the other hand the Prussians have theirs also. Not even the officials of highest rank are received into any kind of society whatever. Mulhouse possesses a charming zoological garden, free to subscribers only, who have to be balloted for. Not a single Prussian has ever been able to obtain access to this garden.

Even the very poorest contrive to show their intense patriotism. It is the rule of the German government to give twenty-five marks to any poor woman giving birth to twins. The wife of a French workman during my sojourn at Mulhouse had three sons at a birth, but though in very poor circumstances, refused to claim the donation. "My sons shall never be Prussians," she said, "and that gift would make them so."

The real thorn in the flesh of the annexed Alsatians, is, however, as I

have before pointed out, military service, and the enforced German education. All who have read Alphonse Daudet's charming little story, *La dernière leçon de Français*, will be able to realise the painfulness of the truth, somewhat rudely brought home to French parents. Their children must henceforth receive a German education, or none at all, for this is what the law amounts to in the great majority of cases. Rich people, of course, and those who are only well-to-do, can send their sons to the Lycée, opened at Belfort since the annexation, but the rest have to submit, or, by dint of great sacrifice, obtain private French teaching. And, whilst even Alsatians are quite ready to render justice to the forbearance and tact often showed by officials, an inquisitorial and prying system is pursued, as vexatious to the patriotic as enforced vaccination to the Peculiar People or school attendance to the poor. One lady was visited at seven o'clock in the morning by the functionary charged with the unpleasant mission of finding out how and where her boy was educated. "Tell those who sent you," said the indignant mother, "that my son shall never belong to you. We will give up our home, our prospects, everything; but our children shall never be Prussians." True enough, the family have since emigrated. No one who does not live in Alsace among Alsatians can realise the intense clinging to France found among the people, nor the sacrifices made to retain their nationality. And it is well the true state of feeling throughout the annexed territory should be known outside its limits. With a considerable knowledge of French life and character I confess I went to Mulhouse little prepared to find there a ferment of feeling which years have not sufficed to calm down.

"*Nous ne sommes pas heureux à Mulhouse,*" were almost the first words addressed to me by that veteran patriot and true philanthropist, Jean Dollfus.

And how can it be otherwise? M.

Dollfus, as well as other representatives of the French subjects of Prussia in the Reichstag, has protested against the annexation of Alsace in vain. They have pointed out the heavy cost to the German empire of these provinces, in consequence of the vast military force required to maintain them, the undying bitterness aroused, the moral, intellectual, and material interests at stake. But naturally to no purpose, and M. Dollfus now remains silent or abstains from appearing in the Prussian chamber at all. I use the word intellectual advisedly, for, amongst other instances in point, I was assured that the book trade in Mulhouse had greatly declined since the annexation. The student class has diminished, many reading people have gone, and those who remain feel too uncertain about the future to accumulate libraries. Moreover, the ordeal that all have gone through has depressed intellectual as well as social life. Mulhouse has been too much saddened to recover herself as yet, although eminently a literary place, and a sociable one in the old happy French days. The balls, soirées, and réunions, that formerly made Mulhouse one of the friendliest as well as the busiest towns in the world, have almost ceased. People take their pleasures very soberly.

It is hardly possible to write of Mulhouse without consecrating a page or two to M. Jean Dollfus, a name already familiar to most English readers. The career of such a man forms part of contemporary history, and for sixty years, the great cotton-printer of Mulhouse, the indefatigable philanthropist, — the fellow-worker with Cobden, Arles-Dufour, and others in the cause of free trade — and the ardent patriot, has been before the world.

Last year was celebrated with a splendour that would be ridiculed in a novel, the diamond wedding (after sixty years of wedlock) of the head of the numerous house of Dollfus, the Silver and the Golden having been already kept in due form.

Mulhouse may well be proud of such a *fête* for it was unique, and the first gala-day since the annexation. When M. Dollfus looked out of his window in the morning, he found the familiar street transformed as if by magic into a bright green avenue abundantly adorned with flowers. The change had been effected in the night by means of young fir trees transplanted from the forest. The day was kept as a general holiday. From an early hour the improvised avenue was thronged with visitors of all ranks bearing cards, letters of congratulation, or flowers. The great Dollfus works were closed, and the five thousand workmen with their wives, children, and superannuated parents not only feasted but enriched. After the banquet every man, woman, and child received a present in money, the oldest and those who had remained longest in the employ of M. Dollfus, being presented with forty francs. But the crowning sight of the day was the board spread for the Dollfus family and the gathering of the clan, as it may indeed be called. There was the head of the house, firm as a rock still, in spite of his eighty-two years; beside him the partner of sixty of those years, his devoted wife; next according to age, their numerous sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law; duly following came the grandsons and granddaughters, then the great grandsons and great granddaughters, and lastly, the babies of their fifth generation, all accompanied by their nurses in the picturesque costume of Alsace and Lorraine. This patriarchal assemblage numbered between one and two hundred guests. On the table were represented, in the artistic confectionery for which Mulhouse is famous, some of the leading events of M. Dollfus's busy life. Here in sugar was a model of the achievement which will ever do honour to the name of Jean Dollfus, namely, the *cités ouvrières*, and what was no less of a triumph of the confectioner's skill, a group representing the romantic ride of M. and

Madame Dollfus on camels towards the Algerian Sahara when visiting the African colony some twenty years ago.

This patriarchal festival is said to have cost M. Dollfus half a million of francs, a bagatelle in a career devoted to giving! The bare conception of what this man has bestowed takes one's breath away! Not that he is alone; never was a city more prolific of generous men than Mulhouse, but Jean Dollfus, "*Le Père Jean*," as he is called, stands at the head. He has received with one hand to bestow with the other, and not only on behalf of the national, intellectual, and spiritual wants of his own workmen and his own community—the Dollfus family are Protestant—but he has indiscriminately benefited Protestant, Catholic, Jew; founding schools, hospitals, libraries, refuges, churches, for all.

We see at a glance after what fashion the great manufacturers set to work here to solve the problem before them. The life of ease and the life of toil are seen side by side, and all the brighter influences of the one brought to bear on the other. The tall factory chimneys are unsightly here as elsewhere, and nothing can be uglier than the steam tramways, noisily running through the streets. But close to the factories and workshops are the cheerful villas and gardens of their owners, whilst near at hand the workmen's dwellings offer an exterior equally attractive. These *cités ouvrières* form indeed a suburb in themselves, and a very pleasant suburb too. Many middle class families in England might be glad to own such a home, a semi-detached cottage or villa standing in a pretty garden with flowers and trees and plots of turf. Some of the cottages are models of trimness and taste, others of course are less well-kept, a few have a neglected appearance. The general aspect, however, is one of thrift and prosperity, and it must be borne in mind that each dwelling and plot of ground are the property of the owner, gradually acquired by

him out of his earnings, thanks to the initiative of M. Dollfus and his fellow-workers. "It is by such means as these that we have combated Socialism," said M. Dollfus to me; and the gradual transformation of the workman into an owner of property, is but one of the numerous efforts made at Mulhouse to lighten, in so far as is practicable, the burden of toil.

These pleasant avenues are very animated on Sundays, especially when a universal christening of babies is going on. The workmen at Mulhouse are paid once a fortnight, in some cases monthly, and it is usually after pay-day that such celebrations occur. We saw one Sunday afternoon quite a procession of carriages returning from the church to the *cité ouvrière*, for upon these occasions nobody goes on foot. There were certainly a dozen christening parties, all well dressed, and the babies in the finest white muslin and embroidery. A very large proportion of the artisans here are Catholics, and as one instance among others of the liberality prevailing here, I mention that one of the latest donations of M. Dollfus is the piece of ground, close to the *cité ouvrière*, on which now stands the new, florid Catholic church.

There are free libraries for all, and a very handsome museum has been opened within the last few years, containing some fine modern French pictures, all gifts of the Dollfuses, Engels, and Koechlin, to their native town. The museum, like everything else at Mulhouse, is as French as French can be, no German element visible anywhere. Conspicuous among the pictures are portraits of Thiers and Gambetta, and a fine subject of De Neuville, representing one of those desperate battle-scenes of 1870-71 that still have such a painful hold on the minds of French people. It was withheld for some time, and has only been recently exhibited. The bombardment of Strasburg is also a popular subject in Mulhouse.

I have mentioned the flower-gardens of the city proper, but the real pleasure-ground of both rich and poor lies outside the suburbs, and a charming one it is, and full of animation on Sundays. This is the Tannenwald, a fine bit of forest on high ground above the vineyards and suburban gardens of the richer citizens. A garden is a necessity of existence here, and all who are without one in the town hire or purchase a plot of suburban ground. Here is also the beautiful subscription garden I have before alluded to, with fine views over the Rhine valley and the Black Forest.

Nor is Mulhouse without its excursions. Colmar and the romantic site of Notre Dame des Trois Epis may be visited in a day. Then there is Thann, with its perfect Gothic church, a veritable cathedral in miniature, and the charming, prosperous valley of Wesserling. From Thann the ascent of the Ballon d'Alsace may be made, but the place itself must on no account be missed. No more exquisite church in the world, and most beautifully is it placed amid sloping green hills! It may be said to consist of nave and apse only. There are but two lateral chapels, evidently of a later period than the rest of the building. The interior of the church is of great beauty, and no less so the façade and side porch, both very richly decorated. One's first feeling is of amazement to find such a church in such a place;

but this dingy, sleepy little town was once of some importance and still does a good deal of trade. There is a very large Jewish community here, as in many other towns of Alsace. Whether they deserve their unpopularity is a painful question not lightly to be taken up.

Leisurely travellers bound homeward from Mulhouse will do well to diverge from the direct Paris line and join it at Dijon, by way of Belfort—the heroic city of Belfort, with its colossal lion, hewn out of the solid rock—the little Protestant town of Montbéliard, and Besançon. Belfort is worth seeing, and the “Territoire de Belfort” is to all intents and purposes a new department, formed from that portion of the Haut Rhin saved to France after the war of 1870-1. The “Territoire de Belfort” comprises upwards of sixty thousand hectares, and a population, chiefly industrial, of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants, spread over many communes and hamlets. There is a picturesque and romantic bit of country between Montbéliard and Besançon, well worth seeing, if only from the railway windows. But the tourist who wants to make no friendly calls on the way, whose chief aim is to get over the ground quickly, must avoid the detour by all means, as the trains are slow and the stoppages many.

E.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.—TWO. RECENT JOURNALS.

"For the rest," wrote Maurice de Guérin, at a moment of utter discouragement, when the poetic faculty within him seemed to be ebbing away, leaving nothing behind it, "for the rest, what does it matter whether what we call imagination, poetry, leaves me or stays with me? Whether it goes or comes, the course of my destiny is the same; and whether I have divined it or not from below, I shall none the less one day behold what is reserved for me. Ought I not rather, forgetting all these anxieties, to apply myself to extending the range of my positive knowledge, ought I not to prefer the least luminous thread of certain truth to the vague glimmerings in which I am too often lost? The man who apprehends any mathematical certainty whatever, is more advanced in the understanding of the true than the finest imagination. He has acquired an inviolable possession in the domain of the intelligence, in which he may dwell to all eternity, whereas the poet is hunted from exile to exile, and will never have any settled home."

This doubt of Maurice de Guérin's implies a conflict which is perpetually repeating itself in natures like his, and which is but an echo of one of the greatest controversies of humanity. How prone has the world always been, how ready is it still to find new arguments as the old fail, whereby to exalt knowledge at the expense of feeling, science at the expense of poetry! And yet so contradictory have been the common opinions and the ultimate action of mankind on the point that the whole course of human development has been one long testimony to the importance and influence of poetry, broadly conceived, upon life. The share of the poets, that is to say of the men of exceptional insight and

fervour, in the education of feeling, and thereby in the gradual transformation of human action, has been long ago admitted, and has taken rank as a commonplace. There are few of us who will not grant with Sidney if we are challenged that "as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman." Society, with all her easy contempt for sentiment, has never failed to gather up and treasure in her bosom the great utterances of human emotion, and has shown herself at least as careful of the spiritual experience of an Augustine or a Dante as of any of the discoveries of science.

Still, although in different shapes, this doubt of Maurice de Guérin as to the value of the poetical gift is constantly reasserting itself in opinion, as the forms of poetical expression become more various and complex. The poetical temperament implies two things, sensitiveness to impressions, and a capacity for self-study. But the ordinary man is naturally distrustful of both. His inner conviction, justified in some sort by the whole course of experience, is that to be extremely sensitive to impressions tends to make a man their slave, and that introspection weakens all the springs of action. At bottom we all feel that it is well not to look too closely into existence. To act is the difficult matter. Those who like the great poets of the world can either maintain around us "the infinite illusion" which makes action easier, or stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet, are welcome and necessary. But what shall we say of the thinkers and dreamers, who, without any supreme magic of expression, or any defi-

nite message, make it their whole aim either to unravel the tangle of their own spirit, or to catch and fix in words a few more of those floating and palpable impressions made upon the mind by the visible world? If their work tends to general edification, if it falls in with current systems and helps to beautify and subtilise existing prejudices, it may win an easy toleration as one more aid to the optimistic beliefs which the ordinary man loves to see prevail. But supposing it has no tendency to edification outside those few minds which are independent of popular philosophies, supposing its content is one of doubt, its tone one of depression, supposing the whole aim of the producers has been merely to find new modes of expressing feeling, new images in which to embody the subtlest and most fleeting aspects of the visible world? Where, it is often asked, shall we find a less useful and less dignified mode of human activity? Are not these men at least of a poetical race which may be safely and profitably banished from the Republic of thought?

So it comes about that many of us have to justify our favourite books, and find a reason, if we can, for the love which is in us. Will not our justification take some such line as the following? The effects of experience on consciousness,—it is in the study of these that all philosophy consists. But the mass of mankind get little from philosophy proper, of which the methods are scientific and its subject the broad averages and normal states of consciousness. Our chief lessons are learnt from the visible spectacle of how experience affects those sensitive impressionable souls between whom and nature the barriers of the flesh are exceptionally light and frail; from the pleasures and pains of genius; from all those striking instances of sensibility, those raised states of consciousness, contact with which develops a corresponding passion in the beholder. With every age we have seen the capacities and resources of human feeling becoming

wider and more complex. Associations between experience and consciousness, which were once thought to be permanent and necessary, are seen to be merely provisional, and beneath them other and stronger links come into view. And in the study of these successive modifications of the mind mankind has been growing more and more desperately interested. The more light, we have come to feel, is thrown upon the evolution of human thought, the vaster becomes our future, the clearer our present.

Such a belief naturally adds enormously to the importance of the whole literature of feeling. It makes us value not only the men who, like Wordsworth, make emotion a means of education, who are inspired by the didactic passion, and endeavour to apply the energy of their feeling to the common needs of life, but also the men like Senancour, whose whole aim is but to feel and to express, and much of whose work may flout our most cherished beliefs. In an age of dissolving creeds and systems it is more and more important to gather up every deep and genuine impression made by life and nature upon the human mind: As the old things pass away and the old paths are deserted, each voice which relates for us with accents of truth and inwardness some passage of intimate human experience becomes of more and more value. Certain forces, at any rate in the form hitherto known to us, can no longer be counted upon for rousing or consoling human hearts. But the world is as much in need of emotion and consolation as ever. There is nothing for it but to turn to those who to the sense of struggle and the susceptibility to impressions add the artist's power of expression. "You who feel vividly what others feel dully, you who can make vocal what is dumb in others, be our guides through the *selva oscura* of experience; give us not so much knowledge as emotion, quicken in us the accurate sense of human need, and reveal to us those

glimpses of ideal beauty which are the sustenance of life." Such is practically the demand made upon all who possess the poetical temperament whether they write in poetry or prose, and the want revealed in it explains the hold upon human sympathy of the literature of feeling in all its forms.

It is true indeed, and one of the strangenesses of fate, that these heightened states of consciousness, when the mind becomes, as it were, both visible to itself, and able to reflect with extraordinary vividness and brilliancy the world outside it, bring with them too often a Nemesis on the individual. The man tormented and bewildered by Nature's hardest problems may often ignore, and destroy himself by ignoring, some of those answers to the commoner puzzles of life and duty which have been wrung from her long ago by human effort and experiment. But the individual passes with all his errors and passions, and his work remains. Let him only have felt more vividly and more variously than the rest of us—he will have added his mite to our knowledge of what man is and may be, he will have rescued one more fragment of the mind from nothingness and silence. The multitude may blame and pass him by, but to the few he will bring added knowledge and new sympathies, and their gratitude should not fail him.

Modern times have witnessed an enormous development of the literature of feeling. With us in Europe the facts of spiritual experience had for many centuries but one language, the language of the great religion which had absorbed into itself all the older philosophical and spiritual enthusiasms of the world. But in the multiplication of sensations and experiences which the West has seen since the Renaissance, the language of religion has not expanded fast enough to meet the new needs of the soul. They have had to find for themselves a fresh and supplementary language, expressing shades and sub-

tleties of relation between man and the great spectacle of the universe, unknown to older generations. To this language, Rousseau, with his sympathy for nature on the one side, and his sensitiveness to the shades of human feeling on the other, made contributions in the last century which have been, as we all know, of far-reaching influence upon our own. But a much higher degree of inwardness has been reached in the modern world than was possible to Rousseau. The study of nature and of human life, growing keener and profounder as the fathomless mystery of both has been brought home more undisguisedly to a wider range of minds, has had its issue in forms of expression through which not only are the great objects of experience more and more plainly apprehended, but the powers of the mind are more and more revealed to itself. The modern poetry of nature is one such form, with its two strains—the strain of hungry yearning—

.... "The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite—"

and the strain of spiritual rapture and aspiration, embodying—

"A sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

What we may call the modern literature of despair is another such outlet. One of its chief preachers was the man who may be said to stand at the beginning of the introspective writing of the century. Obermann (Etienne de Senancour) will always remain for us a type of one of the main tendencies of introspective literature. More than this, like that of his great successor in the art of delicate and intimate description, Maurice de Guérin, his work may be taken as illustrative in the highest degree of that divining, penetrating gift which is to our mind the only but the suffi-

cient *raison d'être* of a whole class of books.

The letters of Senancour indeed have never obtained any vogue either in this country or their own. The art of a living English poet has drawn from the harsh utterance of Senancour's personality all that was morally inspiring in it, and has made him, by the associations of beautiful verse, a name at least of pity and veneration to many of us. But the book itself is difficult to read; it is diffuse; we may easily regard a great deal of it as mere posing; and there is in it an insensibility to what the English temperament in particular is accustomed to regard as the commonplaces of civil and domestic duty, which make us at first inclined to deny the right of complaint altogether to a man who has taken the world so perversely. But, after all, it is scarcely worth the trouble of insisting that Obermann would have been a happier and better man if he had put his hand patiently to the wheel of human labour, instead of escaping from labour to reverie, if he had thought better of women, and cherished a nobler ideal of marriage, if he had denied himself a great deal of easy contempt for human customs and human faiths. All this may be true; and yet to the careful observer the book may be none the less justified of itself. Nowhere else can we find so true, so full a picture of a phase of human feeling which had never been expressed before, and has never been expressed since, with the same realism and precision. In that fact lies the importance of Obermann. It is well to recognise that there are certain books whose claim upon us is, first and foremost, that they add one more to the documents which enable us to map out the regions of the mind, and so the better to understand our past and forecast our future.

The letters of Obermann belong to this class. Like the *Confessions* of Rousseau they revealed a generation to itself, inferior as their stuff is to the

stuff of the older book in all that gives a man's thought vogue and influence among his fellows. The aimless, restless melancholy "inherent in the epoch," according to M. du Camp, never found a franker exponent than Obermann. "Of what avail has it been to me that I have left all in search of a freer life? If I have had glimpses of things in harmony with my nature, it has only been in passing, without enjoying them, and with no other effect than to redouble in myself the impatience to possess them. I am not the slave of passion; I am more unhappy still. The vanities of passion do not deceive me—but after all, must not life be filled with something? When an existence is empty, can it satisfy? If the life of the heart is but an agitated nothing, is it not better to leave it for a more tranquil nothing? It seems to me that the intelligence seeks some result; if I could learn in any way what good my life is seeking! I long for something which may veil and hasten the hours. It is impossible that I should always endure to feel them rolling so heavily over me, lonely and slow, without desires, without emotions, without aim."

And yet side by side with all the despair and the cynicism, there emerges the sense of beauty, and even the moral passion which have been the guiding forces of our time. Take this meditation on the slavery of pleasure: "To consecrate to pleasure alone the faculties of life is to give oneself over to eternal death. However fragile may be these powers of mine, I am responsible for them, and they must bear their fruits. Benefits of existence as they are, I will preserve them; I will do them honour. I will not, at least, enfeeble myself within myself till the inevitable moment comes. Oh, profundities of the universe, shall it be in vain that it is given to us to perceive you? The majesty of night alone repeats from age to age, woe to every soul that takes its pleasure in servitude!"

Or this exquisite flower scene, with which the whole strange drama ends: "The violet and the field daisy are rivals. They have the same season, the same simplicity. But the violet enthrals us with each returning spring; the daisy keeps our love from year to year. The violet recalls the purest sentiments of love, as it presents itself to upright hearts. But after all, this love itself, so persuasive and so sweet, is but a beautiful accident of life. It passes, while the peace of nature and the country remains with us to our latest hour. And of all this reposeful joy, the daisy is the patriarchal symbol. If I ever reach old age, and if, one day while still full of thoughts, although no longer desirous of pouring them out upon men, I find beside me a friend who will receive my farewell to earth, let him place my chair upon the grass, and let tranquil daisies be there before me, under the sun, under the vast heaven, so that in leaving the life which passes, I may recover something of the infinite illusion."

This loftier note in Obermann leads us naturally to another strain of introspection, with which he has in general very little in common. As we all know, in the midst of a widespread disintegration of positive belief, and of a society penetrated from top to bottom by the new ardours of science, the modern world has witnessed a wonderful resurrection of the religious spirit. The revival of religious intensity, taking "religious" in a broad sense, has been half of what we call the Romantic movement. The mental passion and tumult roused by the disclosure of new horizons and the growth of a thousand new perceptions overflowed, very early in the century, into the old channels of religious life, filling, deepening, or diverting them, as the case might be. And as time has gone on, this particular impulse among the many which have gone to make up one vast movement of the modern mind towards greater actuality and force, both of apprehen-

sion and presentment, has embodied itself in finer and finer shapes. With us, the leaders of Tractarianism and the earlier Broad Churchmen; in France the group of widely-differing men who, thirty years ago, raised the standard of a democratic Catholicism; in Italy Rosmini, have been striking representatives in the field of religion of tendencies visible over all other fields of thought. On the one side we have seen the new developments in the language of feeling becoming immensely helpful to religion; on the other we have been witnesses to a constant anxiety on the part of religion to keep feeling within certain bounds, balanced by an equally constant tendency on the part of feeling to escape from those bounds, and to adopt standards and traditions at variance with those of official and organised belief.

Of this religious revival, taking shape in many minds, rather in a tender idealist exaltation than in definite forms of faith, Maurice de Guérin is, perhaps, the most pathetic and penetrating voice. His work, with all its defects and weaknesses, can hardly be denied a permanent place among the utterances of modern sentiment, if only because it combines and harmonises so many different strains. We may find in it echoes from the despair of Obermann, side by side with the Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the spells and effluences of natural things; while beyond, and interpenetrating these two modes of expression, is a third, quite individual, which forms another fresh and important contribution to our knowledge of the inner world in man. How shall we characterise this strange nature, so painfully clairvoyant in certain directions, so dull in others, torn between two passions, the passion for God, and the haunting insatiable passion for an evanescent and finite nature? Maurice de Guérin is like the mortals of his own prose poem "who have picked up in the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips some fragments of

the pipe broken by the god Pan," and who thenceforward, possessed by a wild and secret passion, live only for Nature and her mysteries. That strange instinct of community with the visible world which appears to us, the more we study it, as the development of a new sense in men, was in him the strongest of all instincts. "As a child," writes his sister, "he was accustomed to spend long hours in gazing at the horizon, or leaning against a tree," listening to those *sounds of nature* which, as a boy of eleven, he tried to embody in a long prose poem. "There is something in Nature," he wrote later on, "whether she smiles and adorns herself in fair weather, or whether she becomes pale, grey, cold, and stormy in autumn and in winter, which moves not only the surface of the soul, but its most secret depths, and rouses a thousand memories which have in appearance no connection with the spectacle before us, but which no doubt maintain a correspondence with the soul of Nature by means of sympathies which are unknown to us." These sympathies which he was thus accustomed to watch and study in himself as mysterious forces in some sort independent of his will, strengthened with his growth till they attained at once a force of being and a subtlety of expression hardly to be matched in the whole range of imaginative literature.

But the tragedy of Guérin's life lay in the fact that whereas throughout half his being he was a child of nature and of poetical contemplation, throughout the other he was a Catholic, formed by an ancestral faith, and ready to carry into the expression of it as much intensity and passion as into the expression of his divining and imaginative gift. And how is it possible that the true Catholic should continue to allow himself that abandonment to the impressions of nature, which to Maurice de Guérin was a necessity of life? To the Catholic the visible world is a mere stage on which is played out the

central scene from the drama of human life, of which the preparatory and concluding scenes belong to the world of eternity. To absorb oneself in nature, therefore, is either to waste upon something passing and ephemeral, sympathies which are exclusively claimed by a different and more lasting order of phenomena, or still worse, it is to run the risk of confounding the Creator with the created, and of losing oneself in a pantheistic mysticism. Maurice de Guérin had no sooner arrived at maturity than the conflict between these two strains in him became almost intolerable. After an exquisite description of a fine Good Friday, when the divine beauty of the spring had brought back to him in all their freshness some of the earliest impressions of his childhood, he breaks off with the remorseful cry, "My God, what is my soul about, to let herself be thus seduced by all these fugitive joys, upon Good Friday, upon a day filled with Thy death and with our redemption!"

And a little later on, when sudden cold has checked the spring and withered not only the flowers, but all the pleasure of the poet, he writes sadly, "I am more depressed than in winter. In days like this, there is revealed to me at the bottom of my heart, in the deepest and most intimate recesses of my being, a sort of strange despair; it is a kind of desolation and darkness far from God. My God, how is it that my rest is troubled by whatever passes in the air, and that the peace of my soul is thus given over to the caprices of the winds!"

For a time the struggle continues, and then the whole man is suddenly penetrated by a new idea, which for the moment supersedes it. Under the influence of sympathy for M. Lamennais, in the struggle which began with *L'Avenir* and culminated in the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, the burden of his creed seems temporarily to fall away from him, and for a moment he asserts himself against the bonds which have been upon him since his birth. "I shall never be anything but an ant

carrying a grain to the construction of the future; but, however small may be my powers they will not the less be inspired by a grand and sacred thought—the thought which drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God—the thought of liberty.” Such was the dream of his first months in Paris—a fugitive dream! So fragile and delicate a plant was not made for the keen air of freedom, and very soon upon the momentary exultation descends a cloud of black misgiving. “O truth, dost thou not sometimes appear to me like a luminous phantom behind a cloud? Yet the first wind effaces thee! Wast thou then nothing but an illusion of the eyes of the soul? Reason and faith! When these two words shall make but one the enigma of the world will be solved. Meanwhile how to wait? At the moment I write, the sky is magnificent, nature breathes upon us airs fresh and full of life. The world rolls melodiously onward, and amidst all these harmonies something sad and timid circulates; the mind of man, who is restless in the presence of all this order which he cannot understand.”

And at last, in the antechamber of death, the tender nature wasted with fever of body and mind bows itself once more to the old yoke, and the Church reclaims her son.

Here then we have one more faithful record of a rare and beautiful experience, one more typical story of the inner life of man. But Maurice de Guérin's claim is more than this. It is as the discoverer of new terms in the language of the soul, the lifter of one more corner of the veil that he makes his deepest impression upon us. Take, for instance, the passage in his journal on the death of his friend and adopted sister, Mme. de la Morvonnais, in which his artist's gift of expression had rendered for us the very essence of tender and meditative grief. “I have broken the idea of her terrestrial existence: I have effaced her from the outer world. All is

changed; a whole scene of actual life has withdrawn itself from my heart, and I have beheld entering in its place, the incorruptible images and forms of the unknown world which surrounds us. Why do we spend ourselves on the world of sight? What secret beauties of nature have more power to draw and keep our hearts than those mysterious coasts on which Marie faded from our gaze?

“And yet often in the very formation of this phantom world, grief shaken off for a moment returns and falls upon me in the midst of the most tranquillising visions. I can only escape from it in beginning over again the pilgrimage of memory. The light and silent steps of my imagination take once more the beloved paths; like Paul wandering in his island, I return drawn by an invisible attraction to the place of shipwreck.—Thus am I able to cheat and distract those bitter regrets which no consolation dare approach. I surround them with a murmuring crowd of memories. Grief listens to their mingled voices and considers their features marked by a thousand expressions, till at length his headlong course grows calmer and takes the cadence and gentleness of a gliding stream.”

The special power represented by such writing as this is surely a power struck out in the writer by a peculiar combination of circumstances, of describing those ethereal moods which form the meeting-place between the spirit and nature, and so of becoming a herald of fresh experiences to other minds.

M. de Guérin's work brings us to the threshold of our own time. What parallel can we make to it in England during the last twenty years? The period teems with journals and biographies of one kind or another. But is there anything among them which in time to come will stand for a typical expression, either of feeling wrought to its highest point of divining intensity, or of feeling expressed under such conditions of knowledge and freedom from

prejudice as may enable it to appeal to the world in general and not only to a clique however large? In the precise shape in which we are at present seeking for it, we shall find little or nothing of the kind. The voice of philosophy and argument we know, the voice of poetry and poetical description; but the voice of reverie, the note of delicate and sincere introspection, is almost unknown to us. For our purpose, the most important utterance in the whole period is that of Mill in the *Autobiography*. That deeply interesting book lacks the expansion and the intimacy of tone which would have come naturally to a Frenchman of Mill's calibre; but its very austerity and simplicity give it importance amongst its kind, and there is one passage in it which describes how the young man of twenty-one, isolated by his training from the ordinary sources of emotion, suddenly awakes to the claims of feeling and from what sources he is able to satisfy them, which will probably be long recognised as a landmark in English spiritual history. In that remarkable novel of two seasons ago, *John Inglesant*, there was more of the true power of reverie than has yet appeared among our prose-writers; and its success seems to show that there is after all some future for the literature of reverie in England. But for the most part our books of spiritual experience have been of a quite other type. The *Memorials of a Quiet Life* may be regarded as the representative of them; and it is no disrespect to a book that has given and still gives pleasure to thousands of congenial minds, that beside the penetration and diffusiveness of a content like Maurice de Guérin's, the dominant content of the Hare correspondence has no sort of chance of permanence.

Nor has recent French literature been any better off. France has been spending her strength of late in republishing old memoirs and writing new ones, of a kind most useful and important to the world of letters, but

wholly unconcerned with the peculiar literature we have been discussing. The present year however, has seen the emergence of two books, one produced among the mountains of eastern France and the other at Geneva, which ask our attention on the same grounds as Rousseau, as Senancour, or Maurice de Guérin. The class to which they belong is so small and its importance so considerable, that we can hardly afford to neglect any contributions to it, however much they may differ in point of literary quality. Nor indeed have there been any symptoms of such neglect in the present case. Both have won an audience, and one at least of them, the *Journal Intime* of the Genevese professor, Henri Frédéric Amiel, has made an impression during the ten months which have elapsed since its publication, which seems to show that in the midst of the physical and material stress of our day, and the weakening of so many of the older stimuli of emotion, numbers of minds are now fully alive to the exceptional interest which attaches to any effective presentation of the modes in which the human spirit is learning to adapt its loving, hoping, and suffering to the altered conditions of modern knowledge.

But it is not with M. Amiel that we are at present concerned. The *Journal Intime* belongs, if we are not mistaken, to the first-rate books of the world. It is a revelation of the modern spirit, equalling any of the great records of intimate experience in the range and quality of mind which it represents and in the distinction and beauty of its style. We propose to give a detailed account of it next month. The other, infinitely less important both in substance and in manner, is yet full of interest to an observer of the sources of modern joys and griefs, and a short review of it may serve as a fitting conclusion to these remarks upon the literature of introspection. The *Journal d'un Solitaire*, by Xavier Thiriart, published apparently somewhere in the Vosges a

few years ago, was brought forward in the French press early in the present year by M. Scherer, whose unflinching literary tact had discerned the merit and place of this record of Vosges peasant life. It represents a year's diary, kept by the paralysed son of a Vosges farmer, and it describes to us how a youth who had lost the use of his limbs when a boy of ten, rises from a condition of despondency and comparative uselessness to one of influence, activity, and inward happiness. Certain parts of it are conventional and insignificant, but the part which remains, though not by any means of a high intellectual quality, has yet an accent of universality, a freedom from the restrictions of country and nationality, which ought to carry it beyond the immediate circle and people of the writer. Our own English journals are almost always wanting in this accent. They have the accent of Anglicanism, of the English parsonage or of Puritan association, each powerful in its turn with Anglicans, or with those living within the recognised circle of English country life, or with English Puritans of different shades. But if you come to put one of them into the hands of somebody widely dissociated from it in place and circumstances, he will get little or nothing from it; it speaks a language only really understood in a particular mental district. In this unpretending French journal, with all its occasional affectation and conventionality, there is something which appeals to the sympathies of everybody possessing a heart and intelligence, whatever may be his inherited relations to life and religion. The story is briefly this:—

Xavier Thiriat, the son of a French peasant in the valley of Cleurie in the Vosges, was born in 1835. He grew up a bright, active little boy, delighting in all exercises both of body and mind, in the long hours which he and his companions spent herding cattle in the Vosges mountains, in the glissades of winter down the long ice-

slopes of the valley as well as in the competition of the village school, and in the reading of a few tattered books, Fénelon's *Télémaque* among them, hidden away in an old cupboard of the farm. One January day, however, he and his companions were going to a catechising class to be held some distance down the valley. They had to cross a canal swollen by winter rain, and bridged by one narrow plank. Xavier passed first, but the little girl next to him, missed her footing and fell into the water, overturning the plank in her fall. Xavier sprang into the water, caught the child, helped her to scramble out, put back the plank, and still clinging to it, waist-deep in the ice-cold water, helped the other children to cross. Then all hurried on to school in dread of a scolding from the priest. They arrived late, and Xavier, shivering with cold, had to sit near the door during the lesson, and afterwards to walk home through a bitter air, which froze his wet clothes upon him. For two days he felt no consequence beyond a certain *malaise*; then began excruciating pains in the limbs, and for nearly a month the child's shrieks were almost incessant night and day. This state of active suffering and confinement to bed continued in a rather less acute form for about a year, and at the end of that time, it was evident from the distorted and useless limbs, that the boy would henceforth never be anything but a paralytic invalid.

Much kindness was shown to him in his trouble. The schoolmaster of the village came to him out of school hours and taught him for nothing, and as it became evident that no sort of active employment would ever be possible to him, he learnt how to sew and embroider, and thus to while away the long hours. But it was in the store of old books from which as a child he had pillaged *Télémaque* that he found his best consolation. They consisted of an *Ancient Geography*, and an *Abridgment of all the Sciences*, a *History of Morocco*,

Young's *Night Thoughts* (of course in a French translation), the *Lives of the Saints* in twelve volumes, the *Book of Tobit*, the *Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul*, and the *Psalms*. From these materials the boy built for himself a house of the mind in which he could dwell with some content and resignation. It was the *Abridgment of all the Sciences* which especially fascinated him, and which induced him at the age of fifteen to begin regular meteorological observations, and to communicate them month by month to the local paper. Thenceforward his life was no longer empty. Some light manual labour enabled him to earn his living without burdening his family, and for the rest his hours were filled up with the pursuit of such science as was within his reach, and in summer by long meditations out of doors and in the sunshine, long self-abandonments to the delights of flowers, colours and sounds to which he became more and more sensitive as years went on.

As he grew into manhood, however, the limitations of his condition made themselves for a time more painfully felt than ever. He was of an impressionable, expansive disposition, and it seemed hard to him at the age of twenty, as it must have seemed hard to many another in similar circumstances, that none of the commonest joys of life could ever be his,—no work in sun and air, no country merrymaking, no courting or taking in marriage. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, a young girl from a neighbouring farm took some friendly notice of him, and the youth, whose reading had gradually extended itself to books like Gilbert, Millevoye and Lamartine, threw himself into the friendship with romantic zeal, and for a time made it the centre of his thoughts. But naturally a maiden with prudent parents was not long allowed to concern herself with a hopeless cripple, and Lilie was forbidden to meet and talk to young Thiriat as she had been accustomed to do. This little incident, in all respects natural

and inevitable, brought Xavier's discontents to the surface, and for the next few years his habitual condition seems to have been one of struggle with his lot, and of incapacity to find in it any lasting source of contentment. Scientific study, however, still remained to him, and he appears to have clung to it in his blackest times as the only possible barrier between him and utter despondency. And gradually the clouds lifted, and he passed into a state of more or less habitual serenity and patience with life, the causes of which we shall presently try to describe.

At some time or other of this period he seems to have begun to keep a diary, and the published journal takes us through the year 1860, when he attained the age of twenty-five, and to which he seems afterwards to have looked back as the critical year of his life. To the daily records of the journal he must have added for publication passages describing the principal incidents in his earlier career, so that the little book is really a complete picture of his development up to the moment when he appears to have gathered about him, from different sources, a sufficient stock of happiness wherewith to shelter and sweeten his future life. Whence was this happiness drawn? From the most simple and obvious sources, representing, however, in their measure the chief human felicities. From nature and poetry in the first place: "For me, I have never sought out the joys of my life; they have come, so to speak, to find me. They have grown and flowered under my feet like the field daisies, though I have not always perceived them at first sight. Often indeed I have overlooked them: it was not always allowed me to see clearly through my tears. I have known them in the few journeys that I have made since my childhood. . . . I have known them in my walks, along the hedges, fields, and pastures of the hill above my home; in observing the flowers, the mosses, the birds; in those poetical reveries or rather ravishments

in which voices, colours, and perfumes blended themselves for me into a heavenly harmony; in the hours spent with my favourite poets under the shadow of the beech-trees, when the chaffinch piped on the highest branch, and gusts of cool wind shook the leaves; while the butterflies—'sons of the Virgin' as we were taught to call them in childhood—floated softly in the air or between the branches of the trees, and all the story of the poet—I saw it under my eyes in Nature."

From science and books in the second place. Nothing can be more naïve or more sincere than the excitement and enthusiasm he shows about his various scientific studies. "This morning," he writes in May, "I have gathered some plants in bloom round my retreat, and I have busied myself with classifying them. Each day will bring me fresh flowers now and new species. The immense book of Nature is open under my eyes, and it shall be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded with flowers and birds, there is no more place for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I had almost ceased to feel." Later on a kind uncle bestowed a donkey on the cripple, and with this welcome animal harnessed to a tiny wooden cart the poor recluse is able, for the first time for fifteen years, to move freely about the neighbourhood. One of the first uses that he makes of this new power of movement is to plan a history of his native valley: "My wish has always been to write a paper on the history of my valley. For a long time past I have been questioning the older men, and taking notes on all occasions upon the antiquity of the country populations, their history, manners, superstitions, legends, popular beliefs, etc. Now it is a book that I dare to plan, a book of some length, which may be a picture both of the past and of the present, and I shall consult for it the archives of our commune and of the communes near. Already the outline of the book grows clear to me. It will take years to

write, but the prospect is delightful to me."

Often indeed, after an evening passed in answering the questions of a group of curious peasants on some of the elementary facts of physical science, he has his moments of discouragement. "This elementary half-knowledge is nowadays to me little more than the measure of my ignorance. I despair of learning more with the few resources I have in this complete isolation from the world, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to disengage my mind from the swaddling clothes which encircle and stifle it." The moment of depression, however, soon passes; a little kindly interest shown in him by a friend, the loan of a book, the arrival of some new plants or insects, above all, the wholesome stir in his life created by the acquisition of the donkey, and by his work as *greffier* or secretary to the commune, always suffice in the long run to restore his cheerfulness and hope in the future, and the crippled youth ends the record of his year with the quiet words, "I know yet very little, but I have courage and I hope." Since then the book on the valley of Cleurie has appeared and gained a public prize. Various other studies on the agriculture and scenery of the neighbourhood have also been published; and to judge from M. Campaux's preface to the journal, not only has Xavier Thiriat improved and developed his own aptitudes, but he has formed round him a circle of people in the same class as himself devoted to the same studies and eager for the same pleasures.

Religion, speaking broadly, seems to have meant much to Thiriat; Catholicism, taken strictly, very little. His infirmity naturally prevented him from sharing much in the religious practice of the neighbourhood, although in the few church ceremonies he was able to attend his impressionable temperament drew constant delight from the "religious singing, the melodies of the organ, the perfumes of incense and of candles." Religious expressions of the

ordinary kind occur in his book, but no temptation to the life of a *dévo*t, so natural to the invalid in Catholic countries, seems to have overtaken him. It is evident that unconsciously to himself his spiritual life was chiefly vitalised by interests and influences of a more universal kind than those belonging to any given system of faith.

Lastly, among the new elements of happiness which made the year 1860 memorable to him, we may reckon the gain of several new friends brought him by scientific studies, and the recognised place in life afforded him by his appointment as *greffier* to the commune. The cry of the first half of the diary is for a friend, first of all; and next, for some useful part in society, which shall make it possible for him to be something else than an object of pity or ridicule to his fellow men. By the end of the year he was able to exclaim with joy, "The future, once so dark, appears to me under the most smiling colours; *I have friends and protectors*. My God! I never should have thought it possible to be so happy." The last day of the old year arrives, and Xavier, looking back over his journal, sees in it the record of a state of transition from "a first youth," tormented with dreams and regrets, mad, extravagant and despairing, to a "second youth ripened by study and friendship." And he passes the threshold of the new in a glow of feeling and aspiration. "For me, as for all, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has come flooding into my heart, and I shall enter the gate of the opening year with gaiety and contentment."

There are other notes than these we have tried to reproduce, in this little journal. A short description of it may very easily convey a false impression that the book is sometimes virtuous overmuch, that is to say, virtuous for effect. The pictures of common life, however, interspersed in it, the lively pieces of dialogue and shrewd

descriptions of peasant character, show a sense of humour which, when the journal is read as a whole, tend to remove this impression, and to make one forget the evident leaven in it of Lammartine and Bernardin de St. Pierre. But it is not so much what Xavier Thiriat has to tell us about life or Nature that is important or interesting; it is the personality itself, its modes of thinking and feeling, its means of happiness under unfavourable conditions that are worth studying. For us who are so apt to alarm and terrify ourselves as to the future sources of enthusiasm, and therefore of action, in man, the book adds one more to the facts that console and point us forward. Science, nature, poetry, human kindness, bound together and encompassed, all of them, by some spiritual hope, however vague and large—in these, it seems to say to us, lie the motive powers of the future, powers which will but strengthen as others decay.

George Sand, in discussing Obermann and the kindred literature of her own day, saw in it signs of a probable indefinite multiplication of "moral maladies." The comment which a modern observer is inclined to make upon her prophecy is that it divined only half the truth. The forces of human nature tend, after all, perpetually to the same level. If old joys are passing away, new joys, which are perhaps but the old new born, are rising into life. If the human spirit is more conscious than ever before of its own limitations and of the iron pressure of its physical environment, it is also, paradox as it may seem, more conscious of its own greatness, more deeply thrilled by the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe. Such is the deepest meaning of modern poetry, such is the main impression left upon us with increasing force by almost all the attempts of the modern spirit to throw light upon itself.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE rest of this day passed over Walter like a dream in a fever. Through a kind of hot mist full of strange reflections, all painful, terrible, lurid with confusion and suffering, he saw the people and things about him—his mother questioning him with anxious words, with still more anxious eyes; his servants looking at him wondering, compassionate; and now and then something would be said, which caught his ear and thereafter continued to return to him from time to time, like a straw cast into a whirlpool and boiling up as the bubbles went and came—something about seeing a doctor, something about sending for Mr. Cameron, with occasionally an imploring entreaty, "Oh, my boy! what ails you? what is the matter?" from Mrs. Methven. These were the words that came back to his ears in a kind of refrain. He answered, too, somehow, he was aware, that there was nothing the matter with him, that he wanted no doctor, no counsellor, in a voice which seemed to come from any point of the compass rather than from his own lips. It was not because of the breach which had so rapidly followed the transport of his complete union with Oona. That, too, had become secondary, a detail scarcely important in the presence of the vague tempest which was raging within him, and which he felt must come to some outburst more terrible than anything he had yet known when he was left to himself. He had come to shore, under the guidance of Hamish, distracted, yet scarcely unhappy, feeling that at the end, whatever misunderstanding there might be, he was assured of Oona, her companionship, her help, and, what

was greatest of all, her love. She had not hesitated to let him see that he had that; and with that must not all obstacles, however miserable, disappear at the last?

But when he landed, the misery that fell upon him was very different from this. He became conscious at once that it was the beginning of the last struggle, a conflict which might end in—he knew not what: death, downfall, flight, even shame, for aught he knew. The impulse was strong upon him to speed away to the hillside and deliver himself over to the chances of this battle, which had a fierce attraction for him on one hand, while on the other it filled him with a mad terror which reason could not subdue. So strong was this impulse that he hurried past the gate of Auchnasheen and took the path that led up to the moors, with a sense of flying from, yet flying to, his spiritual enemies. He was met there by the gamekeeper, who began to talk to him about the game, and the expediency of inviting "two-three" gentlemen to shoot the coverts down by Linnheden, an interruption which seemed to his preoccupied soul too trivial, too miserable to be borne with. He turned from the astonished speaker in the midst of his explanations, and rushed back with the impatience which was part of his character, exaggerated into a sort of mad intolerance of any interruption. Not there, not there: he began to remember the wild and mad contest which last year had gone on upon those hills, and with an instantaneous change of plan retraced his steps to the house, and burst into his mother's presence, so pale, so wild, with eyes almost mad in their fire, looking out from the curves of his eyelids like those of a maniac. Her

terror was great. She came up to him and laid her hands upon him, and cried out, What was it? what was it? And then it was that the active frenzy that had possessed him seemed to sink into the maze of that feverish confusion which was less violent, less terrible, more like the operations of nature. He was not aware that he looked at her piteously, and said, "I want to stay with you, mother"—childlike words, which penetrated with a misery that was almost sweet to Mrs. Methven's very heart. She put her arms round him, drawing down his head upon her bosom, kissing his forehead with trembling lips, holding him fast, as when he was a child and came to her for consolation. He was scarcely aware of all this, and yet it soothed him. The excitement of his brain was calmed. That uneasy haze of fever which confuses everything, the half-delirium of the senses through which the mind looks as through a mist, uneasy, yet with visions that are not all miserable, was a sort of paradise in comparison with the frenzy of a conflict in which every expedient of torture was exercised upon him. He was grateful for the relief. That he did not know what he said or what she said, but heard the answering voices far off, like something unreal, was nothing. There was a kind of safety in that society: the enemy could not show himself there: he had to stand off baffled and wait—ah, wait! that was certain. He had not flown—not Oona, not the mother, could save the victim altogether. They protected him for the moment, they held the foe at arm's length: but that could not be always. Sooner or later the last struggle must come.

Walter remained within doors all day. It was contrary to his habits, and this of itself added to the alarm of all about him; but it was not inconsistent with the capricious impatient constitution of his mind, always ready to turn upon itself at a moment's notice, and do that which no one expected. During every

hour of this long day he had to resist the strong impulse which was upon him—more than an impulse, a tearing and rending of his spirit, sometimes rising into sudden energy almost inconceivable, to go out and meet his enemy. But he held his ground so far with a dumb obstinacy which also was part of his character, and which was strengthened by the sensation of comparative exemption so long as he had the protection of others around him, and specially of his mother's presence. It was with reluctance that he saw her go out of the room even for a moment; and his eager look of inquiry when she left him, his attempts to retain her, his strained gaze towards the door till she returned, gave Mrs. Methven a sort of anguish of pleasure, if those contradictory words can be put together. To feel that she was something, much to him, could not but warm her heart; but great also was the misery of knowing that something must indeed be very far wrong with Walter to make him thus, after so many years of independence, cling to his mother.

"It is like a fever coming on," she said to Symington, with whom alone she could take any counsel. "He is ill, very ill, I am sure of it. The doctor must be sent for. Have you ever seen him like this before?"

"My lady," said old Symington, "them that have the Methvens to deal with have need of much gumption. Have I seen him like that before? Oh, yes, I have seen him like that before. It is just their hour and the power o' darkness. Let him be for two-three days——"

"But in two or three days the fever may have taken sure hold of him. It may be losing precious time: it may get—fatal force——"

"There is no fears of his life," said old Symington; "there is enough fear of other things."

"Of what? Oh, for God's sake! tell me; don't leave me in ignorance!" the mother cried.

"But that's just what I cannot do,"

Symington said. "By the same token that I ken nothing myself."

While this conversation was going on, Walter, through his fever, saw them conspiring, plotting, talking about him as he would have divined and resented in other moods, but knew vaguely now in his mist of being that they meant him no harm, but good.

And thus the day went on. He prolonged it as long as he could, keeping his mother with him till long after the hour when the household was usually at rest. But, however late, the moment came at last when he could detain her no longer. She, terrified, ignorant, fearing a dangerous illness, was still more reluctant to leave him, if possible, than he was to let her go, and would have sat up all night watching him had she ventured to make such a proposal. But at last Walter summoned up all his courage with a desperate effort, an effort of despair which restored him to himself and made a clear spot amid all the mist and confusion of the day.

"Mother," he said, as he lighted her candle, "you have been very good to me to-day! Oh I know you have always been good—and I always ungrateful; but I am not ungrateful now."

"Oh, Walter! what does that word mean between you and me? If I could but do anything. It breaks my heart to see you like this."

"Yes, mother," he said; "and it may break my heart. I don't know what may come of it—if I can stand, or if I must fall. Go and pray for me, mother."

"Yes, my dearest—yes, my own boy! as I have done every day, almost every hour, since ever you were born."

"And so will Oona," he said. He made no response of affection to this brief record of a life devoted to him, which Mrs. Methven uttered with eyes full of tears and every line of her countenance quivering with emotion. He was abstracted into a world beyond all such expressions and responses, on

the verge of an ordeal too terrible for him, more terrible than any he had yet sustained—like a man about to face fearful odds, and counting up what aids he could depend upon. "And so will Oona," he repeated to himself, aloud but unawares. Then he looked up at his mother with a sad glimmer of a smile and kissed her, and said, "That should help me:" and without waiting for her to go first, walked out of the room, like a blind man, feeling with his hand before him, and not seeing where he went.

For already there had begun within him that clanging of the pulses, that mounting of every faculty of the nerves and blood to his head, the seat of thought, which throbbed as though it would burst, and to his heart, which thundered and laboured and filled his ears with billows of sound. All his forces, half quiescent in the feverish pause of the day, were suddenly roused to action, ranging themselves to meet the last, the decisive, the most terrible assault of all. He went into his room and closed the door upon all mortal succour. The room was large and heavily furnished in the clumsy fashion of the last generation—heavy curtains, huge articles of furniture looming dark in the partial light, a gloomy expanse of space, dim mirrors glimmering here and there, the windows closely shut up and shrouded, every communication of the blessed air without, or such succour of light as might linger in the heavens, excluded. The old castle, with its ruined battlements, seemed a more fit scene for spiritual conflict than the dull comfort of this gloomy chamber, shut in from all human communication. But Walter made no attempt to throw open the closed windows. No help from without could avail him, and he had no thought or time to spare for any exertion. He put his candle on the table and sat down to await what should befall.

The night passed like other nights to most men, even to the greater

number of the inhabitants in this house. Mrs. Methven after a while, worn out, and capable of nothing that could help him, dozed and slept, half dressed, murmuring familiar prayers in her sleep, ready to start up at the faintest call. But there came no call. Two or three times in the night there was a faint stir, and once old Symington, who was also on the alert, and whose room was near that of his master, saw Lord Erradeen come out of his chamber with a candle in his hand, the light of which showed his countenance all ghastly and furrowed as with the action of years, and go down stairs. The old man, watching from the gallery above, saw his master go to the door, which he opened, admitting a blast of night wind which seemed to bring in the darkness as well as cold. Symington waited trembling to hear it clang behind the unfortunate young man. Where was he going to in the middle of the night? But after a few minutes the door, instead of clanging, closed softly, and Walter came back. It might be that this happened more than once while the slow hours crept on, for the watcher, hearing more than there was to hear, thought that there were steps about the house, and vague sounds of voices. But this was all vanity and superstition. No one came in, with none, save with his own thoughts, did Walter speak. Had his enemy entered boldly, and even with maddening words maintained a personal conflict, the sufferer would have been less harshly treated. Once, as Symington had seen, he was so broken down by the conflict that he was on the eve of a shameful flight which would have been ruin. When he came down stairs with his candle in the dead of the night and opened the great hall door he had all but thrown down his arms and consented that nothing remained for him but to escape while he could, as long as he could, to break all ties and abandon all succour, and only flee, flee from the intolerable moment. He had said to himself that

he could bear it no longer, that he must escape any how, at any cost, leaving love and honour, and duty and every higher thought: for what could help him?—nothing—nothing—in earth or heaven!

That which touched him to the quick was not any menace, it was not the horror of the struggles through which he had already passed; it was the maddening derision with which his impulses were represented to him as the last expedients of a refined selfishness. When his tormentor in the morning had bidden him with a smile, "Be good!" as the height of policy, it had seemed to Walter that the point of the intolerable was reached, and that life itself under such an interpretation became insupportable, a miserable jest, a mockery hateful to God and man; but there was yet a lower depth, a more hateful derision still. Love! what was his love? a way of securing help, a means of obtaining, under pretences of the finest sentiment, some one who would supremely help him, stand by him always, protect him with the presence of a nature purer than his own. Nothing was said to the unhappy young man. It was in the course of his own thoughts that this suggestion arose, like a light of hell illuminating all the dark corners of his being. Had he ever said to Oona that he loved her? Did he love her? Was it for any motive but his own safety that he sought her? Katie he had sought for her wealth, for the increase of importance she could bring, for the relief from torture she could secure to him. And Oona, Oona whom he loved! Was it for love he fled to her? Oh, no, but for safety! All was miserable, all was self, all was for his own interest; to save *him*, to emancipate him, to make life possible for him. He had started to his feet when this intolerable consciousness (for was it not true?) took possession of him. It was true. She was sweet and fair, and good and lovely, a creature like the angels; but he, miserable, had thought

only in that her company was safety—that she could deliver him. He sent forth a cry of anguish which at the same time sounded like the laughter of despair, and seemed to shake the house; and took up his candle, and opened his door and hurried forth—to escape, where he did not know, how he did not know, nor care—to escape from the ridicule of this life, the horror of this travestie and parody of everything good and fair. Heaven and earth! to seek goodness because it was the most profitable of all things; to seek love because it was safety; to profane everything dear and sacred to his own advantage! Can a man know this, and recognise it, with all the masks and pretences torn off, and yet consent to live, and better himself by the last desecration of all! He went down with hurried steps through the silence of his house, that silence through which was rising the prayers of the mother in whose love too he had taken refuge when in despair, whom he had bidden to go and pray, for his advantage, solely for him, that he might steal from God a help he did not deserve, by means of her cries and tears. “And so will Oona,” he had said. Oh, mockery of everything sacred!—all for him, for his self-interest, who deserved nothing, who made use of all.

He opened the door, and stood bare-headed, solitary, on the edge of the quiet, lonely night: behind him life and hope, and torture and misery—before him the void, the blank into which the wretched may escape and lose—if not themselves, that inalienable heritage of woe—yet their power to harm those who love them. He loved nobody, it seemed, but for himself—prized nothing but for himself; held love, honour, goodness, purity, only as safeguards for his miserable life. Let it go then, that wretched contemner of all good—disappear into the blackness of darkness, where God nor man should be disturbed by its exactions more!

The night was wild with a raving

wind that dashed the tree-tops against the sky, and swept the clouds before it in flying masses; no moon, no light, gloom impenetrable below, a pale glimpse of heaven above, swept by black billows of tumultuous cloud; somewhere in the great gloom the loch, all invisible, waited for the steps that might stumble upon its margin, the profound world of darkness closed over every secret that might be cast into it. He stood on the threshold in a momentary pause, forlorn, alone, loosing his hold of all that he had clung to, to save him. Why should he be saved who was unworthy? Why trouble earth or heaven? The passion and the struggle died out of Walter's soul; a profound sadness took possession of him; he felt his heart turn trembling within him, now that even the instinct of self-preservation which had driven him to her feet failed him—to Oona whom he loved. God bless her! not for him would be that sweet companionship: and yet of all things the world contained, was not that the best? Two that should be one. All that was external died away. He forgot for the first time since it had been revealed to him, that he had an enemy, a tyrant waiting for his submission. His heart turned to the love which he had thought he dishonoured, without even recollecting that cursed suggestion. It seemed to him now, that he was giving it up for Oona's sake, and that only now all its beauty, its sweetness, was clear to him. Oh, the pity of it! to see all this, so lovely, so fair, and yet have to resign it! What was everything else in comparison with that? But for her sake, for her dear sake!

How dark it was, impenetrable, closing like a door upon the mortal eyes which had in themselves no power to penetrate that gloom. He stepped across the threshold of life, and stood outside, in the dark. He turned his eyes—for once more, for the last time, in the great calm of renunciation, his heart in a hush of supreme anguish, without conflict or struggle—to where

she was, separated from him only by silent space and atmosphere, soon to be separated by more perfect barriers; hoping nothing, asking nothing, save only to turn his head that way—not even to see where she was, hidden in the night: so small a satisfaction, so little consolation! yet something before the reign of nothingness began.

All dark; but no—half way between heaven and earth, what was that, shining steady through the gloom? Not a star; it was too warm, too large, too near; the light in Oona's window shining in the middle of the night when all was asleep around. Then she was not asleep, though everything else was, but watching—and if watching, then for him. The little light, which was but a candle in a window, suddenly, brilliantly lighted up the whole heavens and earth to Walter. Watching, and for him; praying for him, not because of any appeal of his, but out of her own heart, and because she so willed it—out of the prodigality, the generous, unmeasured love which it was her choice to give him—not forced, but freely, because she so pleased. He stood for a moment with awe in his heart, arrested, not able to make another step, pale with the revolution, the revelation, the change of all things. His own dark thoughts died away; he stood astonished, perceiving for the first time what it was. To have become part of him had brought no joy to Oona, but it was done, and never could be undone; and to be part of her, what was that to Walter? He had said it without knowing what it meant, without any real sense of the great thing he said. Now it fell upon him in a great wonder, full of awe. He was hers, he was *her*, not himself henceforward, but a portion of another: and that other portion of him standing for him at the gates of heaven. His whole being fell into silence, overawed. He stepped back out of the night and closed softly the great door, and returned to his room, in which everything was stilled by a spell before which all evil things fly—the apprehen-

sion of that love which is unmerited, unextorted, unalterable. When he reached his room, and had closed the door, Walter, with trembling hands undid the window, and flung it open to the night, which was no more night or darkness, but part of the everlasting day, so tempered that feeble eyes might perceive those lights which hide themselves in the sunshine. What was it he saw? Up in the heavens, where the clouds swept over them, stars shining, undisturbed, though hidden by moments as the masses of earthly vapour rolled across the sky; near him stealing out of his mother's window a slender ray of light that never wavered; further off, held up as in the very hand of love, the little lamp of Oona. The young man was silent in a great awe; his heart stirring softly in him, hushed, like the heart of a child. For him! unworthy! for him who had never sought the love of God, who had profaned the love of women: down, down on his knees—down to the dust hiding his face in gratitude unutterable. He ceased to think of what it was he had been struggling and contending for; he forgot his enemy, his danger, himself altogether, and overawed, sank at the feet of love, which alone can save.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LORD ERRADEEN was found next morning lying on his bed full dressed sleeping like a child. A man in his evening dress in the clear air of morning is at all times a curious spectacle, and suggestive of many uncomfortable thoughts: but there was about Walter as he lay there fast asleep an extreme youthfulness not characteristic of his appearance on ordinary occasions, which made the curious and anxious spectator who bent over him, think instinctively of a child who had cried itself to sleep, and a convalescent recovering from a long illness. Symington did not know which his young master resembled the most. The old man stood and looked

at him, with great and almost tender compassion. One of the windows stood wide open admitting the air and sunshine. But it had evidently been open all night, and must have chilled the sleeper through and through. Symington had come with all his usual paraphernalia to wake Lord Erradeen. But as he looked at him the water came into his eyes. Instead of calling him he covered him carefully with a warm covering, softly closed the window, and left all his usual morning preparations untouched. This done, he went down stairs to the breakfast-room where Mrs. Methven, too anxious to rest, was already waiting for her son. Symington closed the door behind him, and came up to the table which was spread for breakfast.

"My lady," he said, "my lord will no be veeisible for some time. I found him sleeping like a bairn, and I had not the heart to disturb him. No doubt he's had a bad night: but if I'm any judge of the human countenance he will wake another man."

"Oh, my poor boy! You did well to let him rest, Symington. I will go up and sit by him—"

"If ye will take my advice, my lady, ye will just take a little breakfast; a good cup of tea, and one of our fine fresh eggs, or a bit of trout from the loch; or I could find ye a bonnie bit of the breast of a bird."

"I can eat nothing," she said, "when my son is in trouble."

"Oh, canny, canny, my lady. I am but a servant, but I am one that takes a great interest. He's in no trouble at this present moment; he's just sleeping like a baby, maybe a wee bit worn out, but not a line o' care in his face; just sleepin'—sleepin' like a little bairn. It will do you mair harm than him if I may mak' so bold as to speak. A cup of tea, my lady, just a cup of this fine tea, if nothing else—it will do ye good. And I'll answer for him," said Symington. "I'm well acquaint with all the ways of them," the old servant added, "if I might venture, madam, to offer a word of

advice, it would be this, just to let him bee."

A year ago Mrs. Methven would have considered this an extraordinary liberty for a servant to take, and perhaps would have resented the advice: but at that time she did not know Symington, nor was she involved in the mysterious circumstances of this strange life. She received it with a meekness which was not characteristic, and took the cup of tea which he poured out for her, with a lump of sugar too much, by way of consolation, and a liberal supply of cream, almost with humility. "If he is not better when he comes down stairs, I think I must send for the doctor, Symington."

"I would not, my lady, if I were you. I would just watch over him, but let him bee. I would wait for two-three days and just put up with everything. The Methvens are no just a race like other folk. Ye require great judgment to deal with the Methvens. Ye have not been brought up to it, my lady, like me."

All this Mrs. Methven received very meekly, and only gratified herself with a cup of tea which was palatable to her, after Symington having done everything he could for her comfort, had withdrawn. She was very much subdued by the new circumstances in which she found herself, and felt very lonely and cast away, as in a strange land where everything was unknown. She sat for a long time by herself, trying to calm her thoughts by what Symington had said. She consented that he knew a great deal more than she did, even of her son in his new position, and had come to put a sort of implicit faith in him as in an oracle. But how hard it was to sit still, or to content herself with looking out upon that unfamiliar prospect, when her heart was longing to be by her son's bedside! Better to "let him be!"—alas, she knew very well and had known for long that it was better to "let him be." But what was there so hard to do as that was? The shrub-

beries that surrounded the window allowed a glimpse at one side of the loch, cold, but gleaming in the morning sunshine. It made her shiver, yet it was beautiful; and as with the landscape, so it was with her position here. To be with Walter, ready to be of use to him, whatever happened, that was well; but all was cold, and solitary, and unknown. Poor mother! She had loved, and cherished, and cared for him all the days of his life, and a year since he had scarcely seen Oona; yet it was Oona's love, and not his mother's, which had made him understand what love was. Strange injustice! yet the injustice of nature, against which it is vain to rebel. This, however, Mrs. Methven did not know.

When Walter left his betrothed, between whom and himself so strange and sudden a breach had come in the solitude of the isle, Oona's heart was rent by many bitter thoughts, which, however, she dared not give herself time either to examine or indulge. The day which had passed so miserably to Walter went over her in that self-repression which is one of the powers of women, in her mother's cheerful society, and amid all the little occupations of her ordinary life. Unless she had been prepared, as she was not, to open everything to Mrs. Forrester, this was her only alternative. She smiled, and talked, even ate against her will, that her mother might not take fright and search into the cause: so that it was not till she had retired into the refuge of her own room that she was at liberty to throw herself down in all the abandon of solitude and weep out the tears which made her brow heavy, and think out the thoughts with which her mind was charged almost to bursting. Her candle had burned almost all the night long—long after the moment in which the sight of it had held Walter back, and saved him from the flight which would have ended only in death.

The conflict in Oona's mind was longer, if not so violent. There are some people in whose hands it is safe

to leave one's case, however appearances may be against one—and Oona was one of these. With an effort she was able to dismiss herself from the consideration, and with that entire sympathy which may mistake the facts but never the intention, to enter into the mind of her lover. There was much that she could not understand, and did not attempt to fathom, and the process was not one of those that bring happiness, as when a woman, half-adoring, follows in her own exalted imagination the high career of the hero whom she loves. Walter was no hero, and Oona no simple worshipper to be beguiled into that deification. She had to account to herself for the wanderings, the contradictions, the downfalls, of a man of whom she could not think, as had been the first impulse of pain, that any woman would satisfy him, that Katie or Oona, it did not matter which: but who it was yet true had offered himself to Katie first, had given himself to vice (which made her shudder) first of all, and had been roaming wildly through life without purpose or hope. In all the absolutism of youth to know this, and yet to recognise that the soul within may not be corrupt, and that there may be still an agony of longing for the true even in the midst of the false, is difficult indeed. She achieved it, but it was not a happy effort. Bit by bit it became clearer to her; had she known the character of the interview with Katie which gave her grievous pain even when she reasoned it out and said to herself that she understood it, the task would have been a little less hard: but it was hard and very bitter, by moments almost more than she could bear. As she sat by the dying fire, with her light shining so steadily, like a little Pharos of love and steadfastness, her mind went through many faintings and moments of darkness. To have to perceive and acknowledge that you have given your heart and

joined your life to that of a man who is no hero, one in whom you cannot always trust that his impulses will be right, is a discovery which is often made in after life, but by degrees, and so gently, so imperceptibly, that love suffers but little shock. But to make this discovery at the very outset is far more terrible than any other obstacle that can stand in the way. Oona was compelled to face it from the first moment almost of a union which she felt in herself no possibility of breaking. She had given herself, and she could not withdraw the gift, any more than she could withdraw from him the love which, long before, she had been betrayed, she knew not how, into bestowing upon him unasked, undesired, to her own pain and shame.

As she sat all through the night and felt the cold steal through her, into her very heart, and the desolation of the darkness gain upon her while she pondered, she was aware that this love was stronger than death, and that to abandon him was no more possible to her than if she had been his wife for years. The girl had come suddenly, without warning, without any fault of hers, out of her innocence and lightheartedness, into the midst of the most terrible problem of life. To love yet not approve, to know that the being who is part of you is not like you, has tendencies which are hateful to you, and a hundred inclinations which the subtlest casuistry of love cannot justify—what terrible fate is this, that a woman should fall into it unawares and be unable to free herself? Oona did not think of freeing herself at all. It did not occur to her as a possibility. How she was to bear his burden which was hers, how she was to reconcile herself to his being as it was, and help the good in him to development, and struggle with him against the evil, that was her problem. Love is often tested in song and story by the ordeal of a horrible accusation brought against the innocent,

whom those who love him, knowing his nature, stand by through all disgrace, certain that he cannot be guilty, and maintaining his cause in the face of all seeming proof. How light, how easy, what an elementary lesson of affection! But to have no such confidence, to take up the defence of the sinner who offends no one so much as yourself, to know that the accusations are true—that is the ordeal by fire, which the foolish believe to be abolished in our mild and easy days. Oona saw it before her, realised it, and made up her mind to it solemnly during that night of awe and pain. This was her portion in the world: not simple life and happiness, chequered only with shadows pure, if terrible, death, and misfortune such as may befall the righteous—but miseries far other, far different, to which misfortune and death are but easy experiments in the way of suffering. This was to be her lot.

And yet love is so sweet! She slept towards morning, as Walter did, and when she woke, woke to a sense of happiness so exquisite and tender that her soul was astonished and asked why, in an outburst of gratitude and praise to God. And it was not till afterwards that the burden and all the darkness came back to her. But that moment perhaps was worth the pain of the other—one of those compensations, invisible to men, with which God still comforts His saints. She rose from her bed and came back to life with a face full of new gravity and thoughtfulness, yet lit up with smiles. Even Mrs. Forrester, who had seen nothing and suspected nothing on the previous night except that Oona had perhaps taken a chill, felt, though she scarcely understood, a something in her face which was beyond the ordinary level of life. She remarked to Mysie, after breakfast, that she was much relieved to see that Miss Oona's cold was to have no bad result. "For I think she is looking just bonnier than usual this

morning—if it is not my partiality: like a spring morning,” Mrs. Forrester said.

“Eh mem, and mair than that,” said Mysie. “God bless her! She is looking as I have seen her look the Sabbath of the Sacrament; for she’s no like the like of us, just hardened baith to good and evil, but a’ in a tremble for sorrow and joy, when the Occasion comes round.”

“I hope we are not hardened,” said Mrs. Forrester; “but I know what you mean, Mysie, though you cannot perhaps express it like an educated person; and I was afraid that she was taking one of her bad colds, and that we should be obliged to put off our visit to Mrs. Methven—which would have been a great pity, for I had promised to Lord Erradeen.”

“Do ye not think, mem,” said Mysie, “that yon young lord he is very much taken up with—the isle and those that are on it?”

“Hoots,” said Mrs. Forrester, with a smile, “with you and me, Mysie, do you think? But that might be after all, for I would not wonder but he felt more at home with the like of us, that have had so much to do with boys and young men, and all the ways of them. And you know I have always said he was like Mr. Rob, which has warmed my heart to him from the very first day.”

Perhaps the mother was, no more than Mysie, inclined to think that she and her old maid won the young lord’s attention to the isle: but a woman who is a girl’s mother, however simple she may be, has certain innocent wiles in this particular. Lord Erradeen would be a great match for any other young lady on the loch, no doubt: but for Oona what prince was good enough? They both thought so, yet not without a little flutter of their hearts at the new idea which began to dawn.

It was once more a perfectly serene and beautiful day, a day that was like Oona’s face, adapted to that “Sabbath of the Sacrament” which is so great

a festival in rural Scotland, and brings all the distant dwellers out of the glens and villages. About noon, when the sun was at its height, and the last leaves on the trees seemed to reflect in their red and yellow, and return a dazzling response to his shining, Hamish, busy about his fishing tackle on the beach, perceived a boat with a solitary rower, slowly rounding the leafy corners, making a circuit of the isle. Hamish was in no doubt as to who it was. His brow, which for the last twenty-four hours had been full of furrows, gradually began to melt out of those deep-drawn lines, his shaggy eyebrows smoothed out, his mouth began to soften at the corners. There was much that was mysterious in the whole matter, and Hamish had not been able to account to himself for the change in the young pair who had stepped out of his boat on to the isle in an ecstasy of happiness, and had returned sombre, under the shadow of some sudden estrangement which he could not understand. Neither could he understand why it was that the young lord hovered about without attempting to land at the isle. This was so unlike the usual custom of lovers, that Hamish could not but feel there was something “out of the ordinary” in the proceeding. But his perplexity on this subject did not diminish his satisfaction in perceiving that the young lord was perfectly capable of managing his boat, and that no trace of the excitement of the previous day was visible in its regular motion, impelled now and then by a single stroke, floating on the sunny surface of the water within sight of the red roofs and white windows of the house, and kept in its course out of the way of all rocks and projecting corners by a skill which could not, Hamish felt sure, be possessed by a disordered brain. This solaced him beyond telling, for though he had not said a word to any one, not even to Mysie, it had lain heavily upon his heart that Miss Oona might be about to link her life

to that of a daft man. She that was good enough for any king! and what were the Erradeens to make so muckle work about, but just a mad race that nobody could understand. The late lord had been one that could not hold an oar to save his life, nor yet yon Underwood-man that was his chosen crony. But this lad was different! Oh! there was no doubt that there was a great difference; just one easy touch and he was clear of the stanes yonder, that made so little show under the water—and then there was that shallow where he would get aground if he didna mind; but again a touch and that difficulty too was cleared. It was so well done that the heart of Hamish melted altogether into softness, and then he began to take pity upon this modest lover. He put his hands to his mouth and gave forth a mild roar which was not more than a whisper in kind intention.

"The leddies are at home, and will ye no land, my lord?" Hamish cried.

Lord Erradean shook his head, and sent his boat soft gliding into a little bay under the overhanging trees.

"Hamish," he said, "you can tell me. Are they coming to-day to Auchnasheen?"

"At half-past two, my lord," breathed Hamish through his curved hands, "they'll be taking the water; and it's just Miss Oona herself that has given me my orders; and as I was saying they could not have a bonnier day."

It seemed to Hamish that the young lord said "Thank God!" which was perhaps too much for the occasion, and just a thocht profane in the circumstances; but a lord that is in love, no doubt there will be much forgiven to him so long as he has a true heart. The sunshine caught Hamish as he stood watching the boat which floated along the shining surface of the water like something beatified, an emblem of divine ease, and pleasure, and calm—and made his face shine too like the loch, and his red shirt glow. His good heart glowed too with humble and generous joy; they were going

to be happy then, the Two—no that he was good enough for Miss Oona; but who was good enough for Miss Oona? The faithful fellow drew his rough hand across his eyes. He who had rowed her about the loch since she was a child, and attended every coming and going—he knew it would be a sair loss, a loss never to be made up. But then so long as she was pleased!

At half-past two they started, punctual as Mrs. Forrester always was. Every event of this day was so important that it was remembered after how exact they were to the minute, and in what a glory of sunshine Loch Houran lay as they pushed out, Mysie standing on the beach to watch them, and lending a hand herself to launch the boat. Mrs. Forrester was well wrapped in her fur cloak with a white "cloud" about her head and shoulders, which she declared was not at all necessary in the sunshine. "It is just a June day come astray," she said, nodding and smiling to Mysie on the beach: who thought once more of the Sacrament-day with its subdued glory and awe, and all the pacifying influences that dwelt in it. And Oona turned back to make a little friendly sign with hand and head to Mysie, as the first stroke of the oars carried the boat away.

How sweet her face was; how tender her smile and bright! More sorrowful than mirthful, like one who has been thinking of life and death—but full of celestial and tender cheer, and a subdued happiness. Mysie stood long looking after them, and listening to their voices which came soft and musical over the water. She could not have told why the tears came to her eyes. Something was about to happen, which would be joyful yet would be sad. "None of us will stand in her way," said Mysie to herself, unconscious of any possibility, that she the faithful servant of the house might be supposed to have no say in the matter; "oh, not one of us! but what will the isle be with Miss Oona away!"

CHAPTER XLV.

Mrs. METHVEN had time to recover from the agitation and trouble of the morning before her visitors' arrival. Walter's aspect had so much changed when he appeared that her fears were calmed, though not dispelled. He was very pale, and had an air of exhaustion, to which his softened manners and evident endeavour to please her gave an almost pathetic aspect. Her heart was touched, as it is easy to touch the heart of a mother. She had watched him go out in his boat with a faint awakening of that pleasure with which in ordinary circumstances a woman in the retirement of age sees her children go out to their pleasure. It gave her a satisfaction full of relief, and a sense of escape from evils which she had feared, without knowing what she feared, to watch the lessening speck of the boat, and to feel that her son was finding consolation in natural and uncontaminated pleasures, in the pure air and sky and sunshine of the morning. When he came back he was a little less pale, though still strangely subdued and softened. He told her that she was about to receive a visit from his nearest neighbours—"the young lady," he added, after a pause, "who brought you across the loch."

"Miss Forrester—and her mother, no doubt. I shall be glad to see them, Walter."

"I hope so, mother—for there is no way in which you can do me so much good."

"You mean—this is the lady of whom you spoke to me—" Her countenance fell a little, for what he had said to her was not reassuring; he had spoken of one who would bring money with her, but who was not the best.

"No, mother; I never told you what I did yesterday. I asked that—lady of whom I spoke—to give me her money and her lands to add to mine, and she would not. She was

very right. I approved of her with all my heart."

"Walter! my dear, you have been so—well—and so—like yourself this morning. Do not fall into this wild way of speaking again."

"No," he said, "if all goes well—never again if all goes well;" and with this strange speech he left her not knowing what to think. She endeavoured to recall to her memory the face of the young stranger who had come to her aid on her arrival, but all the circumstances had been so strange, and the loch itself had given such a sensation of alarm and trouble to the traveller, that everything was dim like the twilight in her recollection. A soft voice, with the unfamiliar accent of the north, a courteous and pleasant frankness of accent, a strange sense of thus encountering, half unseen, some one who was no stranger, nor unimportant in her life—these were the impressions she had brought out of the meeting. In all things this poor lady was like a stranger suddenly introduced into a world unknown to her, where great matters, concerning her happiness and very existence, were hanging upon mysterious decisions of others, unknown, and but to be guessed at faintly through a mode of speaking strange to her, and amidst allusions which conveyed no meaning to her mind. Thus she sat wondering, waiting for the coming of—she could scarcely tell whom—of some one with whom she could help Walter, yet who was not the lady to whom he had offered himself only yesterday. Could there be any combination more confusing? And when, amid all this mystery, as she sat with her heart full of tremulous questions and fears, there came suddenly into this darkling, uncomprehended world of hers the soft and smiling certainty of Mrs. Forrester, kind and simple, and full of innocent affectations, with her little airs of an old beauty, and her amiable confidence in everybody's knowledge and interest, Mrs. Methven had nearly

laughed aloud a with keen sense of mingled disappointment and relief. The sweet gravity of Oona behind was but a second impression. The first was of this simple, easy flood of kind and courteous commonplace.

"We are all very glad upon the loch to hear that Lord Erradeen has got his mother with him," said this guileless woman, "for everything is the better of a lady in the house. Oh, yes, you will say, that is just a woman's opinion, making the most of her own side: but you know very well it is true. We have not seen half so much of Lord Erradeen as we would have liked—for in my circumstances we have so little in our power. No gentleman in the house; and what can two ladies do to entertain a young man, unless he will be content with his tea in the afternoon? and that is little to ask a gentleman to.

"Your daughter was most kind to me when I arrived," said Mrs. Methven. "I should have felt very lonely without her help."

"That was nothing. It was just a pleasure to Oona, who is on the loch from morning to night," said Mrs. Forrester. "It was a great chance for her to be of use. We have little happening here, and the news was a little excitement for us all. You see, though I have boys of my own, they are all of them away—what would they do here?—one in Canada, and one in New Zealand, and three, as I need not say, in India—that is where all our boys go—and doing very well, which is just all that heart can desire. It has been a pleasure from the beginning that Lord Erradeen reminds me so much of my Rob, who is now up with his regiment in the north-west provinces, and a very promising young officer, though perhaps it is not me that should say so. The complexion is different, but I have always seen a great likeness. And now, Lord Erradeen, I hope you will bring Mrs. Methven soon, as long as the fine weather lasts, to the isle."

Mrs. Methven made a little civil speech about taking the first opportunity, but added, "I have seen nothing yet—not even this old castle of which I have heard so much."

"It is looking beautiful this afternoon, and I have not been there myself, I may say, for years," said Mrs. Forrester. "What would you say, as it is so fine, to trust yourself to Hamish, who is just the most careful man with a boat on all the loch, and take a turn as far as Kinloch Houran with Oona and me?"

The suggestion was thrown out very lightly, with that desire to do something for the pleasure of the stranger, which was always so strong in Mrs. Forrester's breast. She would have liked to supplement it with a proposal to "come home by the isle" and take a cup of tea: but refrained for the moment with great self-denial. It was caught at eagerly by Walter, who had not known how to introduce his mother to the sight of the mystic place which had so much to do with his recent history, and in a very short time they were all afloat—Mrs. Methven, half-pleased half-disappointed to find all graver thoughts and alarms turned into the simplicity of a party of pleasure, so natural, so easy. The loch was radiant with that glory of the afternoon which is not like the glory of the morning, a dazzling world of light, the sunbeams falling lower every moment, melting into the water, which showed all its ripples like molten gold. The old tower lay red in the light, the few green leaves that still fluttered on the ends of the branches, standing out against the darker background, and the glory of the western illumination besetting every dark corner of the broken walls as if to take them by joyful assault and triumph over every idea of gloom. Nothing could have been more peaceful than the appearance of the group. The two elder ladies so suddenly brought together sat in the stern of the boat, carrying on their tranquil conversation. Mrs.

Forrester was entirely at her ease thinking of nothing: though to Mrs. Methven after the fears and excitements of the past night this sudden lapse into the natural and ordinary was half-delightful, half-exasperating, wholly unreal, and like a dream. Oona, who had scarcely spoken at all, and who was glad to be left to her own thoughts, sat by her mother's side, with the eyes of the other mother often upon her, yet taking no part in the talk; while Walter, perched behind Hamish at the other end of the boat, felt this strange pause of all sensation to be something providential, something beyond all his power of arranging, the preface to he knew not what—but at least not to any cutting off or separation from Oona. She had met his eyes with a soft look of pardon: she had given him her hand without hesitation. The look, which all had observed, had for him the meaning which no one else knew. It meant no ecstasy of happy love, but a deeper, stronger certainty than any such excitement of the moment. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It was God who said that, and not a woman: but it was reflected in Oona's face. She was not thinking, as so many happy and proud and gentle souls have thought, of the happiness that love was bringing, the gifts of tenderness and protection and constant support filling up their own being, which henceforward were to be theirs: but of him and of his need, and how she was to fulfil her trust. She looked at him on the other side of those anxious eyes of Hamish, which kept ceaseless watch upon her, without a reproach, or even a consciousness in her look that there was anything to pardon. He was not sufficiently apart from her now to be pardoned. One does not pardon one's self. One goes on to the next trial, trembling yet confident, with a gathering of all one's forces. "This time we shall not fail," her eyes seemed to say.

"No, I have not been here for long," said Mrs. Forrester; "not since the

late lord's time, when I had the permission to bring over Willie and Charley, who were just joining their regiments. They are never fond of letting strangers in, the Lords Erradeen. Oh I may say that before you, Lord Erradeen, for you are just new blood, and I am hoping will have new laws. I see very little change. If you will come this way, Mrs. Methven, it is here you will get the best view. Yon is the tower upon which the light is seen, the light, ye will have heard, that calls every new lord: oh and that comes many a time when there is no new lord. You need not bid me whisht, Oona! No doubt there will be some explanation of it: but it is a thing that all the world knows."

Mrs. Methven laughed, more at her ease than she had yet been, and said—

"Walter, what a terrible omission: you have never told me of this."

Walter did not laugh. His face, on the contrary, assumed the look of gloom and displeasure which she knew so well.

"If you will come with me," he said to Mrs. Forrester, "I will show you my rooms. Old Macalister is more gracious than usual. You see he has opened the door."

"Oh I will go with great pleasure, Lord Erradeen, for I have never been inside, and I would like to see your rooms. Oh how do you do, Macalister? I hope your wife and you are quite well, and not suffering with rheumatism. We've come to show Mrs. Methven, that is your master's mother, round the place. Yes I am sure ye will all be very glad to see her. This is Macalister, a very faithful old servant that has been with the Lords Erradeens as long as I can remember. How long is it—near five and forty years? Dear me, it is just wonderful how time runs on. I was then but lately married, and never thought I would ever live like a pelican in the wilderness in my mother's little bit isle. But your mind just is made to your fortune, and I have had many a happy day there.

Dear me, it will be very interesting to see the rooms, we that never knew there were any habitable rooms. Where is Oona? Oh never take the trouble, Lord Erradeen, your mother is waiting, and Oona, that knows every step of the castle, she will soon find her way."

This was how it was that Oona found herself alone. Walter cast behind him an anxious look, but he could not desert the elder ladies, and Oona was glad to be left behind. Her mind had altogether recovered its calm; but she had much to think of, and his presence disturbed her, with that influence of personal contact which interferes with thought. She knew the old castle, if not every step of it, as her mother said, yet enough to make it perfectly safe for her. Old Macalister had gone first to lead the way, to open doors and windows, that the ladies might see everything: and save for Hamish in his boat on the beach, there was nobody within sight or call. The shadow of the old house shut out the sunshine from the little platform in front of the door; but at the further side, where the trees grew among the broken masses of the ruin, the sun from the west entered freely. Oona went slowly, full of thought, up to the battlements, and looked out upon the familiar landscape, full of light and freshness, and all the natural sounds of the golden afternoon—the lapping of the water upon the rocks, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the far-off murmurs of life, voices cheerful, yet inarticulate from the village, distant sounds of horses and wheels on the unseen road, the bark of a dog, all the easy, honest utterance, unthought of, like simple breathing, of common life. For a moment the voice of her own thoughts was hushed within her, replaced by this soft combination of friendly noises. It pleased her better to stand here with the soft air about her, than with all the agitation of human influences to accompany the others. Yet human influence is more strong than the hold of nature: and by and by she

turned unconsciously from the landscape to the house, the one dark solid mass of habitable walls, repelling the sunshine, while the tower, with its blunted outline above, and all the fantastic breaches and openings in the ruin below gave full play to every level ray. The loch, all golden with the sunset, the shadows of the trees, the breath and utterance of distant life, gave nothing but refreshment and soothing: but the walls that were the work of men, and that for hundreds of years had gathered sombre memories about them, had an attraction more absorbing. A little beyond where she was standing, was the spot from which Miss Milnathort had fallen. Oona had heard the story vaguely all her life, and she had heard from Walter the meaning of it, only the other day. Perhaps it was the sound of a little crumbling and precipitation of dust and fragments from the further wall that brought it so suddenly to her memory; but the circumstances in which she herself was, were enough to bring those of the other woman who had been as herself, before her with all the vividness of reality. As young as herself, and more happy, the promised bride of another Walter, everything before her as before Oona, love and life, the best that providence can give, more happy than she, nothing to disturb the gladness of her betrothal; and in a moment all over, all ended, and pain and helplessness, and the shadow of death substituted for her happiness and hope!

Oona paused, and thought of that tragedy with a great awe stealing over her, and pity which was intense in her realisation of a story, in every point save the catastrophe, so like her own—penetrating her very soul. She asked herself which of the two it was who had suffered most—the faithful woman who lived to tell her own story, and to smile with celestial patience through her death in life, or the man who had struggled in vain, who had fallen under the hand of fate, and obeyed the power of outward cir-

cumstances, and been vanquished, and departed from the higher meaning of his youth? Oona thought with a generous sympathetic throbbing of her heart, of the one, but with a deeper pang of the other; he who had not failed at all so far as any one knew, who had lived and been happy as people say. She leant against the wall, and asked herself if anything should befall her, such as befell Miss Milnathort, whether her Walter would do the same. Would he accept his defeat as the other had done, and throw down his arms and yield? She said no in her heart, but faltered, and remembered Katie. Yet no! That had been before, not after their hearts had met, and he had known what was in hers. No, he might be beaten down to the dust; he might rush out into the world, and plunge into the madness of life, or he might plunge more deeply, more darkly into the madness of despairing, and die. But he would not yield; he would not throw down his arms and accept the will of the Other. Faulty as he was, and stained and prone to evil, this was what he would never do.

It was strange that all this time she had scarcely asked herself who and what this other was who had so long kept a mysterious and miserable control over the family of Erradeen. Though the very beginning of her knowledge of Walter had plunged her into the midst of that mystery, she had not dwelt upon it nor even tried to follow it. There was no scepticism about the supernatural in her mind; rather she was so natural that she accepted a being who stood before her according to his semblance, and required no explanations. She had seen and spoken with a man who inspired Walter with a profound and unreasonable terror. Oona, looking at him with eyes of unalarmed and unsuspecting purity and all the kind and fearless freedom which belonged to her house, had neither hated him nor feared. She believed that there was in him something from

which the others shrank, some power of giving pain and suggesting evil which justified their fear. But she did not share it. She was not afraid. There was not in her mind any alarm at the thought of encountering in her own person this enemy, of whom she knew scarcely anything more than that he was the enemy of Walter's race, the being of whom there was many a whisper about the loch, and the tradition of whose existence had come down from generation to generation. Could she but meet him, take that upon her own shoulders and spare Walter! She said to herself that, God protecting her, there was no power on earth that could harm, and that she would not be afraid. She would look him in the face, she would hear all that he could say, and refuse, refuse, for herself and all the house that was henceforward to be hers, her consent to his sway. If there was in Walter's mind the weakness of previous defeat, the susceptibility to temptation, which takes strength from the mind and confidence, there was in her no such flaw of nature.

"Up and spake she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,
'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A stainless hand is mine.'"

In the crowd of her thoughts—which were all mingled great and small, solemn and trifling, as all human thoughts are in high flood—this ballad floated with the rest through Oona's mind, with an aptness which gave her a momentary amusement, yet helped to increase her visionary exaltation. When this high excitement flagged a little it was with the thought that thus to act for Walter was impossible, was not what was required of her. It was he who must fight though he was weak, not she who felt herself so strong. But then, her hand in his, the whole force of her nature thrown into his, holding him up, breathing courage into his ear, into his soul! Oona's heart rose once more, she felt

herself like one inspired. That was the woman's part, a harder part than if all the brunt of the fight had rested upon herself. But where was the wizard, where the black art, where tempter or demon, that could overcome a man thus supported and held up by love behind him, the joint resistance of the two who were one?

While all these thoughts were passing through her mind, she had gone on, a few steps at a time, without thinking or perceiving where she went—till in the high flood and fervour of her spirit, suddenly looking up, she found herself on the grey edge of the wall, on the last ledge where any footing was possible, beyond the spot from which her predecessor had fallen. The sickening sensation with which she felt the crumbling masonry move beneath her foot, brought her to herself, and in a moment she realised the danger of her position. Another second and all her hopes and possibilities might have been over for ever. With a sudden recoil upon herself, Oona set her back against the edge of the parapet that remained, and endeavoured to command and combat the sudden terror that seized hold upon her. She cast a keen look round her to find out if there was any way of safety, and called out for help, and upon Walter! Walter! though she felt it was vain. The wind was against her, and caught her voice, carrying it as if in mockery down the loch, from whence it returned only in a vague and distant echo: and she perceived that the hope of any one hearing and reaching her was futile indeed. Above her, on a range of ruin always considered inaccessible, there seemed to Oona a line of masonry solid enough to give her footing, though it had never been attempted before; but necessity cannot wait for precedents. She was young and active and used to exercise, and her nerves were steadied by the strain of actual danger. She made a spring from her insecure standing, feeling the ruin give way

under her foot with the impulse, and with the giddiness of a venture which was almost desperate, flung herself upon the higher level. When she had got there, it seemed to her incredible that she could have done it, and what was to be her next step she knew not, for the ledge on which she stood was very narrow, and there was nothing to hold by in case her head or courage should fail.

Everything below and around was shapeless ruin, not to be trusted, all honeycombed with hollow places thinly covered over with the remains of fallen roofs and drifted earth and treacherous vegetation. Only in one direction was there any appearance of solidity, and that was above her, towards the tower which still stood firmly, the crown of the building, though no one had climbed up to its mysterious heights within the memory of man. Round it was a stone balcony or platform, which was the spot upon which the mysterious light, so familiar to her, was periodically visible. Oona's heart beat as she saw herself within reach of this spot. She had watched it so often from the safe and peaceful isle, with that thrill of awe and wonder, and half-terror, which gave an additional pleasure to her own complete and perfect safety. She made a few steps forward, and, putting out her hand with a quiver of all her nerves, took hold upon the cold roughness of the lower ledge. The touch steadied her, yet woke an agitation in her frame, the stir of strong excitement; for death lay below her, and her only refuge was in the very home of mystery, a spot untrodden of men. For the next few minutes she made her way instinctively without thought, holding by every projection which presented itself, feeling that there was no other hope or possibility before her. But when Oona found herself standing safe within the balustrade, close upon the wall of the tower, and had drawn breath and recovered a little from the exhaustion and strain

—when her mind got again the upper hand and disentangled itself from the agitation of the body, the hurry and whirl of all her thoughts were beyond description. She paused as upon the threshold of a new world. What might be about to happen to her? not to perish like the other, which seemed so likely a few minutes ago, but perhaps as tragic a fate; perhaps the doom of all who tried to help the Methuens was awaiting her here.

There is something in every extreme which disposes the capricious human soul to a revolt and recoil. Oona carried on her self discussion: but now she spoke aloud, to sustain herself in her utter isolation. She laughed to herself, nature forcing its way through awe and alarm. "Doom," she said to herself, "there is no doom. That would mean that God was no longer over all. What He wills let that be done." This calmed her nerves and imagination. She did not stop to say any prayer for her own safety. A certain scorn of safety, as of fear, and all the vulgar infidelities of superstition rose up in her mind. She raised her head high and went on. So long as God is, where is the fear? and there is no doom but what comes out of His hand. And in the meantime everything was solid and safe beneath Oona's feet. The tower stood strong, the pavement of the narrow platform which surrounded it was worn by time and weather, but perfectly secure. Here and there a breach in the balustrade showed like fantastic flamboyant work, but a regiment might have marched round it without disturbing a stone.

Oona's excitement was extreme. Her heart beat in her ears like the roaring of a torrent. She went on, raised beyond herself, with a strange conviction that there was some object in her coming, and that this which seemed so accidental was no accident at all, but perhaps—how could she tell?—an ordeal, the first step in that career which she had accepted; perhaps,

Heaven grant it! a substitution, something to be done for Walter to which her heart and strength rose. She put her hand upon the wall, and guided herself by it, feeling a support in the rough and time-worn surface, the stones of which had borne the assault of ages. Daylight was still bright around her, the last rays of the sun dazzling the loch below, lending a glory of reflection to the sky above, and sending up a golden sheen through the air from the blaze upon the water. Round the corner of the tower the wind blew freshly in her face from the hills, reviving and encouraging her. Nature was on her side in all its frankness and reality whatever mystery might be elsewhere.

When she had gone half way round, on the side from which the roofs of Auchnasheen were visible among the trees, Oona suddenly stood still, her heart making, she thought, a pause as well as her feet—then with a bound beginning again in louder and louder pulsation. She had come to a doorway deep set in the wall, like the entrance of a cavern, with one broad much-worn step, and a heavy old door bound and studded with iron. She stood for a moment uncertain, trembling, a sense of the unforeseen and extraordinary flying to her brain with a bewildering pang of sensation—hesitating whether to pass it by, or make sure what was its meaning, yet scarcely hesitating, for by this time she began to feel the force of an impulse which did not seem her own, and which she had no strength to resist. Going up the step, she found that the door was slightly ajar, and pushing it open found herself with another suffocating pause, then bound, of her heart, upon the threshold of a richly furnished room. She was aware of keeping her hold upon the door with a terrifying anticipation of hearing it close upon her, but otherwise seemed to herself to have passed beyond her own control and consciousness, and to be aware only of the

wonderful scene before her. The room was lighted with a mysterious abstract light from an opening in the roof, which showed the rough stone of the walls in great blocks, rudely hewn, contrasting strangely with the heavy curtains with which they were hung round below. The curtains seemed of velvet, with panels of tapestry in mystic designs here and there. The floor was covered with thick and soft carpets. Fine instruments, strange and delicate, stood on stools and tables, some of them slowly revolving, like astronomical models. The curtained walls were hung with portraits, one of which she recognised as that of the last Lord Erradeen. And in the centre of all supported on a table with a lamp burning in front of it, the light of which (she supposed) blown about by the sudden entrance of the air, so flickered upon the face that the features seemed to change and move, was the portrait of Walter. The cry which she would have uttered at this sight died in Oona's throat. She stood speechless, without power to think, gazing, conscious that this discovery was not for nothing, that there was something she must do, but unable to form a thought.

The light fell upon the subdued colours of the hangings and furniture with a mystic paleness, without warmth; but the atmosphere was luxurious and soft, with a faint fragrance in it. Oona held open the door, which seemed in the movement of the air which she had admitted, to struggle with her, but to which she held with a desperate grasp, and gazed spellbound. Was it the flickering of the lamp, or was it possible that the face of the portrait changed, that anguish came into the features, and that the eyes turned and looked at her appealing, full of misery,

as Walter's eyes had looked? It seemed to Oona that her senses began to fail.

There was a movement in the tapestry: and from the other side of the room, some one put it aside and looked at her. She had seen him only in the night and darkness, but there was not another such that she should mistake who it was. Once more her heart stood still: and then there came upon Oona an impulse altogether beyond her understanding, as it was beyond her control.

She heard her own voice rise in the silence. She felt words come to her lips, and was aware that she launched them forth without comprehension, without a pause. What was she saying? Oaths such as she knew not how to say. "Accursed wizard!" Was it she who said it, or were the words in the air. "God confound thee! God destroy thee!" Wrath blazed up in her like a sudden flame. She struck at the delicate machinery within her reach wildly with a sort of frenzy, and catching up something, she knew not what, struck the lamp, not knowing what she did. It fell with a crash, and broke, and the liquid which had supplied it burst forth, and ran blazing in great globules of light over the floor. A wild rush was in the air, whether of his steps towards her, whether of her own hurrying blood she could not tell. "God destroy thee! God curse thee!" Was it she who spoke—looking at that pale awful countenance, launching curses which she did not understand? All of Oona rushed back into the surging brain and beating heart that were possessed by something not herself. "No," she cried in her own conscious voice, "God pardon you whoever you are," and turned, and heard the great door flung behind her, and fled and knew no more.

(To be continued.)

THE BENGAL INDIGO PLANTER AND HIS SYSTEM.

THE system of indigo planting pursued for the most part in India has again and again, at regular intervals, become the subject of anxious solicitude to the Indian Government. As each successive viceroy came into office ; and as regularly as their term of office grew and matured, so was the subject once more relegated to the domain of the past. The recurrence of this feature at length grew to be so expected that it was looked upon as a regular accompaniment of the occasion, and a subject rather of joke than of anxiety to the indigo planter—against whom most of the proposed reforms would have been supposed to operate—until, as the saying went, “the high-pressure steam should blow off.” Whether this “steam” was the residue of home energy remaining in viceroys which the Indian air had not yet sapped, or whether it was the mere transient philanthropy attending accession to power, or the energy of “new brooms sweeping clean,” its evanescent character remained the same. Probably viceroys soon found they had enough on their hands without venturing on hostile ground against strong opposition from a large and influential body of Anglo-Indians more or less interested in indigo. When, therefore, a new viceroy arrived from England, it was the regular thing for the planter to expect him to be “down on indigo,” especially should he be a Liberal, and as regular a thing for the planter himself to temporise by a show of meeting the Government demands, till matters once more settled down into their customary channel. The reforms indicated as necessary were considerable, and embodied a general sweeping improvement in the footing of the native cultivators of indigo employed by the planter, which there-

fore implied correspondingly decreased profits to the latter. Complaints reached the ears of Government from time to time, accompanying law cases between planter and native in the country courts, and appeals from these to the high courts, of hardship and oppression to the native, and of compulsory cultivation of indigo at mere slaveholder's terms. The native press did not fail to take advantage of these on behalf of their country people, and duly enlarge on the time-worn phrase of each ounce of indigo representing a drop of native blood ; while even the native theatres sometimes dramatised the “cruel indigo planter and his victim, the ryot.” As the result of all this partly, and of growing pressure from the gradual extension of the native press and the progress of enlightenment among the natives in the larger cities, and still more as the result of the extending influence of the law courts, and increasing familiarity of the native cultivator with his rights as a British subject, the planter has from time to time made a virtue of necessity, and himself come forward with concessions more or less beneficial to the native, and remedial of his strained position. Though these were more in keeping with the march of time, and the rates for labour now paid to the native are considerably in excess of the infinitesimal rates paid to them in the earlier days of indigo planting, still they fall far short of what the native claims for a labour supposed to be voluntary ; and still the natives allege the undue influence of the European planter strong enough to make his industry by far the most profitable in the country.

Among the hardships the native complains of are the following :—

Having to write out, under pressure, agreements to cultivate indigo, knowing what refusal meant.

The disproportionate payment for the indigo lands, and for labour expended on these the whole year round, for one crop; while the same labour on the same land would yield three successive crops of their own in the year.

The compulsory cartage of the indigo plant at very low rates during the rainy season, when the roads are often impassable, and their bullocks having frequently to wade knee-deep in water or mud, break down and die, or become disabled for life, without any compensation being given for the loss.

The compulsory labour levied from the leased villages in the shape of coolies, ploughs, &c., for the *zerauts*, or *home cultivation*, which consist of large sheets of indigo land adjoining the factories, aggregating from one to four hundred beeghas (Indian acre), cultivated directly by the factories by means of hired labour and a small staff of servants; this often when all the villager's time is urgently required for his own crops, and the consequent mischief to these; also the very low rates paid for such labour,

The corporal punishment and fines to which they are subjected, and the various ways and means devised to punish them (hereafter explained) when they fail in any way to comply with the factory mandates.

The collection of large portions of the rental, including that for their indigo lands, at stated times during the year, to save the planter interest on borrowed money for his working outlay, while a large surplus always remains to be paid to the native at the close of the year in the shape of his balance indigo account.

The system pursued by the planters in some of the largest indigo districts, on leasing a village (a village implying also the surrounding tract of land) of measuring out whole sheets of the best land in the village, namely, that closest around the houses and usually

reserved for the lucrative opium crop, and of *dispossessing* the tenants of same for the purpose of indigo cultivation on the *home* or *zeraut* system, cultivated directly by the factory and not through the medium of the tenant; the amount thus taken depending on the amount of fine land coveted, and the deficiency thereby caused in the rental being replaced by compulsory cultivation of the waste land or *parti* of the village, which the hereditary village accountant is left to adjust.

The contract between the planter and tenant, which secures one beegha out of every four or five belonging to the tenant for the cultivation of indigo by said tenant, being often exceeded, and an excess of good land taken from one man being made up to him out of the inferior lands of another, or out of the waste lands of the village (usually waste because not worth cultivating), thus causing great heart-burnings and confusion in their holdings, besides, owing to the factory supervision, much domestic inconvenience to them from infringement of the freedom and privacy of their families.

About the year 1860 there occurred in Lower Bengal what were termed the "indigo rows," consisting of a resolute stand made by the natives against cultivating indigo longer on the planters' terms, and of the consequent quarrels, litigation, and free fights to which this gave rise. Such a climax, undreamt of by the planters, because unwarranted by any precedent, was alleged by the natives to be the outcome of a long course of unrelaxing rigour and oppression which eventuated in driving them into resistance. Combination proved to be power, and despite the many devices employed to compel their submission, and the free expenditure of the sinews of war by the factories, the natives still held out, and the planters saw their indigo crop running waste with weeds, and threatened ruin staring them in the face. Law suits for

enhancement of rent, for expulsion of them from their holdings, and for damage from breach of contract, as well as criminal charges, and such means of bringing them to reason by making examples of a few, all failed, and the planters found themselves compelled to negotiate to save their factories from becoming valueless in the market. Instead now of the plant being cultivated under "compulsion," and the stringent supervision of the planter, its cultivation in Lower Bengal is left more to the option of the native as a matter of personal profit, and the plant is simply bought from him at the vats at a fixed rate per load. This arrangement the planters declared to be little better than ruin; nevertheless subsequent years have proved even this "ruin" to imply a fairly profitable return.

Meanwhile the planters in Upper Bengal were in great alarm lest the indigo contagion might spread to them, and took every precaution in their power to keep matters smooth till the agitation should blow over. Beyond some vague rumours, nothing definite reached the distant country places unpenetrated by the native press, and distance and difference of language saved the planters in Upper Bengal.

About the year 1867 occurred the terrible famine that devastated whole districts of Upper Bengal; when natives lay crouched in groups within factories and villages during the cold season to keep in by mutual warmth the flickering embers of life; when glazed sightless eyes were everywhere turned slowly towards the passer-by in mute and vain appeal for help; fields and roadsides were strewn with the dead and dying, upon which jackals, vultures, and dogs had begun their feast while the spark of life still lingered; and rabies, from over-gorging, became so terribly prevalent among those scavenger quadrupeds; children were placed out in the fields to die by parents, who, no longer able to feed them, could not bear to witness their

slow death from starvation, and awful meals were reported of parents finding food in the shape of their starved to death or sacrificed offspring. Following this famine year and its terrible mortality, which, coupled with epidemics, occurs at regular intervals like a natural means to counteract the over-crowding population of India, came a succeeding year of comparative plenty to relieve the hunger-stricken condition of the cultivator, and gradually disperse the awful signs of the famine—this unobviated and unalleviated either by the governing or governed Europeans who had made or were making their fortunes out of the country, or by the wealthier class of more apathetic natives. Remembering *how much* the planters had done for them in their distress, greatly induced, as they alleged, by indigo, and finding themselves hardly out of starvation when they had to meet the grinding exactions of indigo cultivation, they began to show symptoms of discontent which gradually grew into indifference to the factory orders, and ended in a determined revolt against indigo cultivation. The note once sounded, the infection spread like wildfire from village to district, and ere the planters were fully aware of it, they found themselves in the midst of a season with their young crop lying unweeded around them, and their orders set at naught. Time passed without concession from either side, and the fate of Lower Bengal seemed in store for the planters, along with the present heavy loss of a whole season's crop. They were resolved, however, to hold out, and trust to the coercive medium of large files of law papers with which they were preparing to overwhelm the native for breach of contract. To their great disappointment they found that these could only be brought into operation at the close of the season, when their crop could be estimated, but would also be lost, and could not be made use of for saving that. They learnt on consultation with eminent counsel

both in Calcutta and England, that their indigo contracts, from being purely one-sided, specifying heavy penalties to the native with no corresponding results to the planter, and mostly in the shape of unregistered documents signed by *proxy* or *mark*, might not stand the ordeal of the higher courts. Meanwhile the planters or factory servants dared hardly show their faces among the villages where lately they had been so omnipotent, or at the risk of contemptuous language or personal violence. While things were at this dead-lock, and more than one specially obnoxious planter was surrounded on the roads and treated to rough language or rougher handling, a circumstance occurred which most unexpectedly turned the tide of fortune in the planter's favour.

In a large factory in a northern district of Behar (Upper Bengal), the manager, contemptuously disregarding the threatening native attitude, or trusting to overawe by a determined front, went out in person to distrain some crops in a village for which he had obtained a warrant from the court on account of arrears of rent. Accompanied only by a European assistant, and a few coolies, he proceeded on foot from the outwork, where the village lay, to the fields a quarter of a mile distant. No sooner had he begun work than the villagers, mostly high caste Brahmins and Rajpoots, poured out of their houses armed with sticks, and, surrounding them, tore the reaping hooks from the hands of the coolies, and by their violent demonstrations made it evident to the planter that the wisest course would be to defer operations for the present. Undeterred by the threatened hostilities, he persisted in maintaining his ground and rights, and while the villagers kept exciting themselves by noisy vociferation and recapitulation of their wrongs, one of them dealt him a blow on the head which stretched him senseless and bleeding on the ground. No sooner did they see what

they had done than fear replaced their wrath, and they fled *en masse* from the fields. The planter was borne to the assistant's bungalow, at the same time that information against the assailants was forwarded to the civil station. Troops of native police, hungering for gain, soon inundated the village, in company with a large body of factory servants, but only to find it deserted of all save by the women and children. The village, a thriving one, was given up to plunder, the women were shamefully treated, pigs thrown down the wells, and ultimately the houses were razed to the ground by the factory men; and where the village and its crops were, there soon appeared a broad sheet of indigo land without trace or sign that ever a house stood there. The planter, beyond a shock to the system, was not seriously injured, and with a change to a bracing hill climate, gradually recovered.

This terrible retaliation was the first thing that began to bring the natives round to a sense of their allegiance to their indigo duties. They did not pause to think how or wherefore this had happened, or trouble themselves with such nice distinctions of an affair which rumour widely exaggerated, and planters took every opportunity of shaping to their own benefit, but merely took the broad view that this pillaged village was the result of opposition to the factory and that what had happened to others might happen to them. In the surrounding villages an immediate change was apparent in the revival of the old deference to the factory dictates, and an expressed willingness to resume indigo work. Village after village far and near tendered their submission, and once more indigo cultivation was resumed on its old footing in all the districts, and on a firmer basis than ever; this too without a single thing being done by the planters either in the way of concession or outlay to effect the change.

While matters were settling down

into their old channel, one seemingly more philanthropic planter suddenly announced his intention of raising the indigo rates on his factory, in the face of the loud and strenuous opposition of his brother planters. An example thus set was a precedent that was bound to be followed, the natives arguing that what one planter could afford so could another, and the planters making a virtue of necessity, and at the same time desirous to appear in good odour with Government, raised their rates accordingly. As it turned out, however, the leader of the movement had really been paying lower than most other factories, owing to the greater length of his measuring rod and consequent increased size of his beegha or acre—one of the mischievous peculiarities of Indian measurements. Each village has its hereditary length of measuring rod. Thus some have the 18 cubit rod (a cubit = 9 inches); some the 9, which had been paid at from Rs. 10 to Rs. 12 per beegha, and so on, lessening by halves and quarters till we have the $6\frac{1}{2}$ rod which had been paid at from Rs. 7 to Rs. 8 per beegha, the payment differing in different districts, and even factories, according to custom, the option of the planter, or the enlightenment of the native; twenty lengths of the rod each way or $20 \times 20 = 400$ being the abstract acre irrespective of its area. It will be found that the area of the 9 cubit rod acre is nearly double that of the $6\frac{1}{2}$ rod acre, and that the difference of payment was not at all in proportion. This may explain the philanthropy of the planter referred to, most of whose villages were up to or over the 9 cubit measurement, for which he had been paying about Rs. 12 per beegha; whereas many other factories who were loudest in their outcry at the innovation had the bulk of their cultivation measured by the 7 and $6\frac{1}{2}$ rod, for which they had, in proportion, been paying much higher. When, therefore, the outcry was raised, this vital point was hardly noticed, or but by a

few whose calculating powers led them further into figures than a mere rough guess, always to their own advantage. As for the natives, though practically they knew the difference well, yet those variations of rate were points far too intricate for them to go minutely into, and a rupee or two, more or less, authoritatively settled the difference. In many cases it was enough to tell them that they were paid as high in certain other factories, and thus they were put off with the shadow instead of the substance. This question of land measurements, by the way, as well as that of weighments, both productive of much worry and loss to the illiterate bulk of the population, seem crying evils meriting the attention of Government far more than some of the loud-sounding reforms which the viceroy of the day takes up rather for his own honour and glory than because they are particularly wanted. The planter referred to, however, took to himself the honour both of a philanthropic movement, and of saving the already saved indigo industry in Behar; while all the planters, warned by the past, had their indigo contracts remodelled, and, by the help of some *moral persuasion* with the natives, all registered.

Meanwhile some glimmerings as to the vanished village reached Government, and a peace-offering had to be made. A victim of course was found in the unfortunate planter whose maltreatment had been the means of saving the indigo system in the district, if not in the whole province of Behar, and to whom the consideration of all the planters was due; but strange to say the first to come down on him, and retaliate evil for the good they had reaped, were his own employers. As if he had been an enemy instead of a benefactor, they gave him his discharge without a rupee of compensation, on the assumed plea that the factory was coming to grief through his management, thereby adding insult to injury. A lawsuit followed involving him in great ex-

pense, and entailing a refund of every ana expended on his hill trip while recruiting from injuries received in their service. Nor did the other planters show him the sympathy and support that might have been expected, but having gained their object, allowed him to pass from their midst unthought of and unthanked.

After indigo cultivation had fairly settled again into its old groove, Government, desirous probably of sifting information received during the late famine, as well as during the recent "indigo rows," sent commissioners into the districts that had been afflicted by famine to examine into the causes of that, and to ascertain in what way it had been influenced by the indigo industry. Of this the planters had due information and were on their guard. Each factory had its staff of peons and numerous Zillah servants all properly posted up to their "duty," and each villager as carefully posted up to his, in regard to giving *available* evidence to the commissioner. When therefore this officer arrived, an incognito body-guard of indigo servants were constantly in attendance on him, as a check on too communicative villagers, and to watch and report proceedings, and he met with nothing but glowing accounts of the value of the indigo industry to the very existence of the cultivators. He learnt in the metaphor of the East that the planter was their affectionate "father and mother." Sometimes to vary the monotony and discomforts of tent life the commissioners put up at one or other of the bungalows on their route in answer to the courteous invitations sent them, little guessing at the time the delicate by-play that was going on around them. Indeed sometimes in the midst of an after-breakfast game of billiards with the commissioner, a planter, pleading urgent business, would step into the veranda for a moment to receive a peon's report of his guest's researches during his morning tour, and presently return to finish with him the game.

While the commissioner remained in a district his labours were the favourite theme of dinner-tables, and source of many a laugh and joke. At the same time would be darkly indicated certain native traitors who had suffered their feelings to get the better of them, and had marked themselves out for future consideration. What the result of the investigation was, as far as indigo-planting was concerned, did not appear from any action taken by Government.

The first sustained intervention of the Indian Government for the better footing of the native in indigo-cultivation was on the accession to office of Lord Lytton, known as one of the ablest and most keen-sighted of viceroys into native character that India has ever seen. From a Conservative ruler the planters had been accustomed to apprehend even less interference, and were rather non-plussed to find that, instead of the customary fuss at first dying an untimely death, the demands upon them rather increased than diminished. Fair promises and fairer account-sheets they found were no longer to be accepted instead of actions, and in alarm they held mass meetings, and found themselves compelled for the first time to select from among themselves a secretary on Rs. 1500 a month as a medium of communication between them and Government, and whose whole time was to be devoted to throwing a glamour over the indigo question. They well knew what indifference to the Government demands meant, or leaving Government to deal directly with the native instead of through them. They knew that were Government but to "raise a finger" to the extent of proclaiming indigo a voluntary industry, soon there "would not be a stick of indigo in the districts." A foretaste of this had been given them only a year or two before, when a magistrate, assuming that European and native were equally entitled to the protection of the law, on his own responsibility gave out this

doctrine. In consequence of this, opposition to indigo soon began to appear, and, not a moment too soon, the magistrate was transferred; whether by accident or design was known to those chiefly concerned. At all events the planters reaped the benefit of his removal, and improved the occasion for their own advantage; the result being the gradual subsiding of the threatening symptoms. However prejudicial to the native mind this might be, it only served to strengthen still more the footing of indigo-cultivation, happening, as it did, more than once.

But now, on Lord Lytton's arrival, matters improved a good deal for the native. The moorghi-khana (fowl-house; the horror of Hindoos to whom the fowl is an unclean bird) incarceration became less frequent as a means of persuasion. The back-veranda dispensation, where culprits embraced a pillar, while a cane played an important part in the ceremony, was also recommended to be used cautiously and with greater circumspection. In fact all arguments of a personal nature were understood to be at a discount; and the indirect arguments of eviction, enhancement of rent, criminal charges, and litigation generally, were also reduced to their lowest figure. Every effort was strained to keep things as smooth as possible, and even the customary joke of a cane costing ten or fifteen rupees—the amount of fine on rare occasions—fell rather into disuse. A code of rules was drawn up at the planters' meetings supposed to be binding on all, and any factory flagrantly transgressing these was outcasted by the others and left to stand on its own responsibility; a feeble resource, sooth to say, as the transgressors well knew that whatever action the Government took regarding one could only be by legislation that would equally re-act on all.

About this time Government passed a law for the greater protection of the ryot arising out of continual com-

plaints of the exactions of landlord and planter, and which secured to every tenant a hereditary right to his land so long as he paid rent, and security against arbitrary enhancement of same. This law deprived indigo-planting of one of its chief working elements, and proved a boon of the highest value to the cultivator. By and by, as time passed, and the attention of Government became fully occupied with matters of higher political import in the Afghan crisis, the indigo question was again gradually shelved, and planters settled down once more into their traditional ease and comfort.

In 1875 came another terrible famine, extending over large portions of Bengal, which would have been far more disastrous than the former but for its being so ably grappled with by Government, and for the large supplies of grain and money poured into the distressed districts, which almost obviated any mortality. When the question arose of transport of these food supplies Government accepted the tenders of the planters, and they in turn contracted with the native carters at the usual factory rates. These rates fell so far under the Government contract rate that the difference constituted fortunes to all the planters who were in a position to grasp the occasion, and some were able to retire home at once on what they had earned in the transaction. The natives, for their part, were only too glad to get employment for their idle bullocks that would augment their meagre food supplies, and multitudes of carts poured in at the planters' bidding. The planters at the same time received the thanks of Government for their *assistance* during this famine, and he who made most by the cartage contract received also an honorary title. He was understood to have made from 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.*, and the others each from 5,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* Some of the proprietors of factories residing at home, hearing of such windfalls coming to those in their

employment without either risk or trouble, coveted a share of such easily won wealth, which they considered more theirs than their managers'. When orders to disburse failed, lawsuits were threatened—successful, in some cases, in effecting a division of gains, but which, in that of the majority, was met by a combination of the managers threatening to *build* within their employers' *dehauth* (that is, to start rival factories within the boundary line of their employers), a counter threat which in most cases won the day. Possibly famine subscribers at home were not aware of the uses to which so large a portion of their money went, but this instance, though somewhat off the subject, may show the difference between the Government idea of payment and that of the planter.

Another valuable institution to "indigo" is the executive, in so far as that relates to the native police. One of the first considerations on acquiring a factory is to see that the thannahdar, or native sub-inspector of the police station within whose division the factory lies, is amicable, and no time is lost in securing by appropriate means this desirable frame of mind. Should a dispute occur in a village between factory and native, about, it may be, forcible seizure of lands for indigo, and a free fight ensue, or a native or two come to grief, the thannahdar knows how to advise them of the danger of going to law with the factory, even should they have a scored back or two to show in evidence. In the event of his making an investigation of the case in the village, he knows how to make his report mediate between the two sides, so as to seem in keeping with truth and yet do as little harm as possible to the factory; while in case he should find it profitable to propitiate both sides, he balances his report as evenly as practicable between the two. The emoluments of the native police may be therefore supposed considerable, salaries, in fact,

forming but a fractional part of these. Indeed, so substantial do they appear, that a few fortunate years sometimes suffice an expert thannahdar to retire in ease, if not luxury, for the rest of his days, should untoward circumstances entail dispensing with his services. A robbery, not unfrequently, is the watchword, not so much for the discovery of the robbers, as for a pecuniary levy from a large area of country under the cloak of the law. The emissaries of justice, in their ominous blue and red, patrol the country in troops, settling first in one village then in another, according as they discover suspicion to lie at the doors of those well able to pay. Heavy disbursements are then necessary to unseat this suspicion, and exempt the suspected from the threatened search of their houses, rough handling, and violation of their privacy. After suspicion is thus arrested, the siege is raised to another door or village, and sometimes the costs of establishing innocence are borne by the whole village. Not a few inquisition scenes of this kind has the writer witnessed, and sometimes successfully arrested by threatening exposure, and thus saved innocent people from the ill-treatment to which they would inevitably have been subjected.

Indigo cultivation is an almost incessant grind to the native all the year round. While the land selected for indigo is generally his best, it returns him but one crop and one payment in the year; whereas his other lands yield him from two to three successive crops in the year, the poorest of which more than equals what he receives for indigo; nor does the labour of the three crops exceed that required for the one indigo crop. Their return from the Government poppy crop reaches from double to four times what they receive for indigo; besides, that the ground admits of two other successive crops in the year. The various plots of a native's "holding" differ in rental

according to quality from Rs. 1, ans. 8, to Rs. 4 or Rs. 5, and rising to Rs. 8 a beegha around towns. The ryot pays rent to the planter for his indigo field equally with the others, and the surplus of his indigo account over the rental of that field represents his net profit. The finer or higher rented his indigo land, the less, therefore, his profit. For instance, a beegha of indigo land is rented at Rs. 4; the ryot receives Rs. 12 as his entire account for a *full* indigo crop from same; deduct rental of Rs. 4, and there remains a net profit to him of Rs. 8. Another indigo field is rented at Rs. 2, yielding an *average* crop paid also by Rs. 12; deduct rent Rs. 2, and a net profit remains of Rs. 10, and an excess over the former field of Rs. 2. In the former case of the finer field is also to be taken into account the ryot's loss of the much heavier crops of his own which the better soil would yield. A peculiar feature of indigo planting occurs out of this mode of payment when the ryot has to pay a *premium* for the privilege of cultivating indigo. Instances of this kind were to be found in the case of indigo lands adjoining towns, and reaching a high rental, as above stated. The rent paid to the planter for some of these fields was Rs. 8; the indigo account was Rs. 7, ans. 8; and the blank countenances of the unfortunate cultivators may be imagined when told they had to pay 8 anas as the price of being permitted to grow indigo, and of a whole year's labour and loss of their fields into the bargain! This beegha of indigo, at the same time, yielded a net profit of from Rs. 40 to Rs. 60 to the planter.

Though even the highest payment for indigo labour is not an unmixed joy to the native, still less is the mode by which he is required to earn it. Corporal punishment and fines are elements in the question he would fain dispense with. He would rather be left to the freedom of his own will and time in extracting the remaining weeds from his indigo field, when he

has to balance his time between that and his own crops on which the support of his family mainly depends. Apart from the personal inconvenience of corporal adjustment, he does not approve of being made a spectacle to his village, on his own domain as it were, while his helpmate's screams of sympathy from her door keep company to his own. Equally hard does he find it to part with Rs. 2 or Rs. 5 fine-money, which he has raised from the money-lender at high usury on security of his future crops, the smaller sum representing a whole month's wage to him, and which he needs so much for the hungry mouths of his family. Nor does he think it a right state of things that even their Pundit, a Brahmin, the expounder of the holy shastras, whom they look up to and reverence, the teacher of their children, and welder of the matrimonial bands, should not be considered beyond fine on account of his indigo lands. Perhaps he hopes for better times, and that the Company Bahadoor may some day pass away, and then the old native *régime* will return, when there will be no indigo, and he a freer, happier man. The royal proclamation and the Utopian hopes it held out to his country people, when the guardianship of their country passed from the Company to the Crown, are far beyond his ken. As a rule, the cultivator knows only of the Company Bahadoor still as it formerly was; and perhaps he is too harassed and absorbed by the carking cares of his life often to have many thoughts beyond the present, or beyond what are enough to carry him through the daily drudgery and toil, unvaried and unlightened, by which he earns his bread. An instance or two of the manner in which business negotiations are managed in India between European and native, often peculiar and characteristic of the country, will conclude.

Within the (arbitrary) boundary of a large factory in Upper Bengal, a considerable landed property, belonging to a Hindu devotee sect, called

mahunts, was, owing to their being restricted to celibacy, transmitted by the lifeholder or incumbent to his *protégé*, whom ever he chose to adopt and train up to his creed. On the death of an incumbent, a dispute arose as to who the real successor should be, the late mahunt having shown no decided preference, and several claimants having appeared for the property. One of these assumed possession of the estate, until an impending lawsuit should decide the claim one way or another; and as the factory had held in lease from his predecessor that part of the estate which lay within its confines, yielding three hundred acres of indigo, and the new arrival had renewed the lease which had just expired, it was a matter of great importance to the planter that this claimant should win the day. He did not know whether another mahunt might be equally friendly in the matter of the lease. About this time, during the cold season, the planter assembled a large party of friends, including the superintendent of police, for a day's shooting and pic-nic on the banks of a beautiful lake, close to the mahunt's house and temple. After breakfast they walked over to inspect the temple, in answer to the mahunt's courteous invitation, and filed in through the characteristic slovenly approach to the bare outer court of the temple, which to their great surprise they found filled by a large crowd of be-daubed and beflowered mahunts, factory law-pleaders, and amlah. A line of chairs placed for them in front of a table spread with official-looking papers seemed to indicate some impending business transaction. Presently the new mahunt emerged from his precincts in a blaze of yellow marigolds, and soon thereafter a document was produced, and handed round for the European and native signatures. The purport of this was that one and all of the attestors believed this mahunt to be the true and rightful successor to the property. The document was duly signed till it came to the

superintendent of police, who had already raised his eyebrows at this new mode of inspecting the temple, and who declined to sign on the head of his official position, and next, because he knew no more of the mahunt or his claims than he did of that individual's great grandmother, or, as he hinted, than did the other Europeans present. A month or so later, when the lawsuit came off, the overwhelming evidence produced in the shape of this largely-signed document, won the fight for the possessor, and set the planter's mind at ease.

Another instance was that of a factory taking possession of some lands for indigo, equivalent in extent to a lease of the whole village, but on the strength of only an eighth part of it on lease. On the day fixed for the sowing of these, which was to constitute possession and nine points of the law, the collector (or magistrate next in rank to the judge) was over for a day's shooting with the planter, and while they went in one direction, the factory men went in another, to sow down the desiderated lands in indigo. In the evening, while the two Europeans were seated in the planter's veranda, word was brought that some factory servants had been severely beaten, and their implements broken, while they were inoffensively proceeding to sow their usual indigo lands. Magistrate and planter looked equally surprised and shocked. Some days later the case came before the said magistrate, who, coupling the evidence in court with his own personal knowledge, unhesitatingly gave judgment against the villagers in the shape of sharp fines and imprisonment. Afterwards he learnt that a fight had arisen from the factory servants attempting to seize lands to which they had no claim; and further, that immediately following his decision, they had re-entered the village and sowed down all the coveted lands on the strength of their legal victory; a decision which cost him many a sleepless night.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

If statesmen, like the prudent householder in respect of his private circumstances, meet the closing days of the year by a survey of the business before them, an English minister would probably discern his most anxious concerns to lie on the frontiers of our scattered empire. There are indeed elements for weighty consideration at home. The condition of the national industry is not one of elastic prosperity. Though foreign competition has not seriously touched the great cotton trade of this country either in the home or in neutral markets, yet the excessive flow of capital into this particular manufacture has lowered the rate of profit, and the attempt to meet the depression of profit by reduction of wages, though the immediate difficulties are likely to be arranged, threatens more serious troubles by and by. The farmer, as we know, is seldom a very sanguine person, and at present his prospect is undoubtedly uncertain and obscure. The iron trade, which had undergone an enormous expansion in consequence of the demand from America from 1879 to 1882, is suffering from a fall of that demand by almost exactly fifty per cent. Ship-building has been prosperous beyond precedent, not less than one million and a quarter tons having been launched during the present year, being an excess of nearly nine per cent. over the already great production of the year before; but there are unmistakable signs that this vast scale will not be maintained. In the coal trade there has been a certain recovery, but it will need much circumspection to prevent this from being turned into an occasion, as has been already threatened, for

a huge conflict between the miners and their employers. Considering the rate at which the population of this island increases—about half a million every year—it is manifest that contentment and political tranquillity depend on the maintenance of abundant employment. Notwithstanding the comparative depression of some important trades, there is no reason for alarm as to this, the foundation of our modern social order. A current of socialism seems to be rippling the surface of the community, and in respect of the land system there is a strong if very vague feeling abroad that the owners of land take too much and give back too little. But socialism in its untrue and mischievous sense has not gone beyond a few dilettanti with better hearts than heads. In politics, the temper of the nation may satisfy the serious members of both parties, for though there is a distinct and marked expectation of various important reforms, no man of sense honestly believes that there is any taste among the people of Great Britain for the violent and unjust changes which make revolution.

It is outside our own island that a statesman with foresight and a policy finds the one strained and the other tested. Circumstances are constantly making fresh provocations to new responsibilities, that baffle calculation and defy preconceived formulæ. During the present month the Imperial Government has resumed an authority which had been abandoned over the Basutos. At the present moment the most cautious and Cobdenic of English statesmen is commonly supposed to be making an arrangement with the delegates from the Transvaal, which will

make us the unwilling masters of Bechuanaland. Infinitely more important than these is the demand that comes from the Australian Conference at Sydney that we shall not only sanction and carry out the annexation of so much of the great island of New Guinea as does not belong to Holland, but that we shall take measures by negotiation or otherwise to inform France, Germany, and whatsoever other Powers it may concern, that all lands in the Pacific south of the Equator are destined to be incorporated within the Australian Dominion, and that the said Powers are to govern themselves accordingly. That these crude pretensions should be accepted and acted upon by Lord Derby is not at all likely, but it is obvious that they mark a new departure, and will demand important readjustments in our political chart. The incident is a curious reversal of what used to happen in the last century. Then the colonies were sacrificed to the pride, the interests, the schemes, of the mother country. Now it is the mother country, who is summoned to shape all her foreign policy (for if we are to warn France and Germany out of the South Pacific, that will shape our foreign policy with a vengeance), to weaken herself by an extension of frontier and multiplication of points of attack, and to add to her burdens by the necessary increase of her cruisers—all to satisfy the pride, the interests, and the schemes of our kinsfolk at the Antipodes. On the whole it may be doubted whether the sacrifice of the mother country to the colonies will be more satisfactory than the reverse system to which it has given place. But the prospect is one that neither the statesman from his watch-tower, nor the publicist from his observatory, will neglect. Some appear to think that Confederation will end all trouble in Australia, as the same talisman was relied upon in South Africa. There can be no reason why there should not be an Australian Confederation, though differences in economic interest may

interrupt the work that was so fluently defined at Sydney. The seven Australian governments number a population of three millions of Europeans, in the proportion of one to a square mile of territory, while the total revenue for last year was a little over twenty millions sterling. When the union of the old thirteen colonies of North America was first projected, the white population was not much over a million, with a quarter of a million of blacks by their side. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in the erection of these communities into a Federal Dominion, though it may tax constructive genius to make a Federation within a Federation by uniting this scattered dominion as a single whole to the mother country. And, at any rate, Confederation will not settle the vital questions—who is to pay the piper, and who is to call the time.

The crisis in the Pacific is still comparatively remote. In South Africa it is chronic. In West Africa it is slowly approaching, with the advance of French pretensions on the Congo—pretensions also, if new stories from that region may be credited, looming on the Niger. In North Africa the crisis is acute. The exaggerated apprehensions of the result of the disaster in the Soudan gradually died a way, but an Egyptian battalion was cut to pieces by insurgent tribes near Souakim while making a purposeless reconnaissance, and many wild rumours of revolt in Yemen and Hedjaz, of risings in Sennaar, of the abdication of the Khedive, of Mohammedan effervescence in Egypt, of preparation for war in Abyssinia, have been sent flying over Europe. The abandonment of the Soudan in its wider sense is pretty certain, but the immediate object with which Baker Pasha was after many delays despatched in the middle of the month, is the pacification of the country between Souakim and Berber. The rising here is believed to be independent of the Mahdi, and to be solely

due to the oppressive misrule of the Egyptian agents. Meanwhile, the possibility of Egypt being able to carry on without oppression and harsh exaction is every day lessened by the increasing dilapidation of her finances. The Egyptian Government are now confronted according to reasonable calculations by a deficit or floating debt of nearly six millions sterling. The French Government is said to have withdrawn its opposition to the imposition of the house-tax on French subjects, and a less credible rumour imputes to Germany a willingness to abandon the capitulations. However these things may be, the embarrassments of the present position of England in the question cannot be endured much longer, and the Government will hardly meet Parliament in February without a settled and definite policy. Annexation or withdrawal will again be debated as the two alternatives, either of which is preferable to a position which entails endless responsibilities without leaving us any effective power. The Government will naturally lean to withdrawal, but the mind of the country at large, and even the mind of the Ministerial party, is at present divided.

If we turn to Ireland the outlook is neither worse nor better than usual. A speech made by the leader of the national parliamentary party has provoked lively articles in the English newspapers, and has stirred graver reflections in the mind of the English people. Mr. Parnell, in returning thanks for the gift of a sum of nearly forty thousand pounds, of which about five-eighths had been subscribed in Ireland itself, congratulated his countrymen on the fact that, with or without an extension of the franchise, he would be strong enough to put either of the two English parties into power at his own discretion. "If we cannot rule ourselves," he said, "we can at least cause them to be ruled as we choose." He will turn out any English Go-

vernment that insists on an exceptional system of repression, and any that promotes or relies upon emigration. Unless the present Government drop the Crimes' Act at its expiry in the summer of 1885, and abandon complicity in projects of state-aided emigration, he will help the Conservative Opposition into office, with the object of inflicting on Great Britain penalties for the wrongs of Ireland in the shape of the "increased taxes and foreign wars," which he believes to be the consequence of a Conservative ministry. "We have reason," he said in conclusion, "to be proud, hopeful and energetic—determined that this generation shall not pass away until it has bequeathed to those who come after us the great birthright of national independence and prosperity." In the last phrase it has been supposed in some places that the speaker meant separation, but we may assume that Mr. Parnell is still where he was in 1880, when he said in words that are not likely to be forgotten:—"I would not have taken off my coat and gone to this work if I had not known that we were laying the foundation in this movement for the regeneration of our legislative independence."

It is not unnatural that the tone of these utterances should have roused surprise as well as anger on this side of the Irish Channel, for at the end of the session Mr. Parnell made a speech in Dublin, in which he dwelt in a sober political spirit on the solid benefits gained to Ireland by the three measures affecting labourers, fisheries, and tramways. It could not indeed be contested that a session which began in a violent explosion against him had ended in practical successes of a very extraordinary kind, both negative and positive. He had compelled the withdrawal of an unpopular police bill, he had insisted on provisions for the migration (as opposed to emigration) of the unfortunate people from the congested districts, though he has not been able as

yet to form a company for taking advantage of the provision, and is perhaps not likely to do so; and finally his appeal from English to Irish opinion was answered in his favour whenever an election furnished an opportunity. The strong speech in December, then, seemed to belie the sober speech of August. In fact it only disclosed another view of the same position, and that position ought by this time to be perfectly well understood. It is possible enough that Mr. Parnell himself might well be content with something a long way short of "national independence," just as his country will have for a long time to come to be content with short measure of that "national prosperity" which is the other adornment of his peroration. An Irish Grand Committee up stairs at Westminster might answer all the practical purposes of a revival of the fabled glories of a parliament on College Green, and if the Lord Lieutenantancy were abolished, Mr. Parnell made Secretary for Irish Affairs, and his best lieutenants provided with administrative posts (for which, for that matter, some of them are perfectly competent), it might be that the ideal would be as nearly realised as the imperfections of mundane affairs would allow. England, too, would have everything to gain, for though such an arrangement could not save Ireland from the ferocities of inveterate faction and agrarian contention, the task and the odium of suppression would at all events fall on the right shoulders. The leaders would have a chance of learning some of the difficulties of Government, while their followers might, in the transaction of their local affairs, be learning some of the lessons of responsibility. But for a revolutionary leader to sound the faintest note of compromise, while the struggle rages at its fiercest, is to sign his own death-warrant. Whatever may be the comparative moderation of Mr. Parnell's own notions, to use the language of moderation in the Rotunda

would be to invite summary deposition. The moralist may use what phrase he pleases about a man who pitches his language higher than his thought, but in the complex transactions of politics the statesman, like the publicist, is called to measure forces, to calculate probabilities, to adjust utilities, not to trouble himself with the precise degree of an opponent's moral delicacy. Whether Mr. Parnell or any other mortal can shape and mould Irish nationalist sentiment into forms that will satisfy English political intelligence, it is at least not unimportant for our own comfort and convenience that he should be successful in the attempt. It is easier to deal with one man than with formless masses, driven hither and thither by vague and aimless discontent. It would be fortunate indeed for us if the Irish leader of to-day were of the noble type of Grattan, the great leader a hundred years ago; if the contest were waged with some of that elevation of feeling, that dignity of language, that magnanimity of judgment, which have never before been so wholly absent from a popular movement. The men of 1848 may have been shallow and blind, but at least their motives were clothed in generous forms. Some who have known both insist that even the older Fenians had a manliness and size about them which is wanting to their more troublesome successors. But all this degradation, of sinister omen as it is for the future, is the too intelligible outcome of bad government in the past. Whatever may be the outcome of the struggle, we must face the certainty, that as the Irish peasantry are gradually allowed to press forwards from their secular darkness and bondage to an increased control of their public fortunes, Irish politics will long continue to be in tone and form widely different from politics in Great Britain, where freedom and responsibility have long been the settled habits of large classes of our population.

This we ought to make every possible effort to understand, because unless we understand it, the comparative squalor of politics in Ireland is apt to produce a mixed irritation and contempt among us, which is both unreasonable and mischievous. Nothing would make so great an improvement in the English treatment of the Irish case as the growth among us of the same wise sense of social distance which makes the Massachusetts man patient and tolerant towards disorder in Texas or South Carolina. In Kentucky, as we have recently been told, with a population of a million and a half, there were, in 1878, 219 homicides. To measure the enormity of this figure, we are bidden to note that in Yorkshire, with a population of something less than 3,000,000, the average number of homicides in a year is thirty-three. Yet monstrous as such violent disorder must seem to a peaceful and settled community, who can imagine a cry being raised in the North to send federal troops into Kentucky, or even an appeal to the Kentucky legislature to pass a Coercion Act or restrict its elective franchise? The American is less easily frightened, and his taste for order less readily shocked than is the case with the Englishman. The moral of this is that we ought to prepare ourselves for rougher speech, a more impracticable demeanour, greater violence in the Irish population and in its representatives. Until we adjust and rectify our point of view in this sense, mortification and disappointment will be our portion to the last. We must drop the martinet in Ireland. If we could bring ourselves to be content with less in the way of order, it might prove that in the end we had gained more.

Meanwhile, the great difficulty of the existence of a colony of northern Protestants has again made itself felt. The Queen's Government, as Mr. Trevelyan has recently informed us, is all that stands between Ireland and

civil war. The natural result is that it incurs the animosity of both combatants. The Orangeman says of the erasure of Lord Rossmore's name from the commission of the peace that Lord Rossmore was entirely in his right in walking at the head of his friends to the appointed place of meeting, and that his punishment will be read in Ireland as the sacrifice of a loyal man in order to renew the vain attempt of conciliating the disaffected. The Nationalist retorts that the prohibition of their meetings in such purely Catholic districts as Garrison is a concession to the violent and lawless pretensions of the Orange faction; that, if the language of the Nationalist speaker is violent or seditious, the Government can lock him up for it, as they locked up Mr. Davitt and Mr. Healey; that, if the Orangemen resort to open force to put down perfectly legal meetings, the authorities ought to put them down by force; that, even if, as was said by the Chief Secretary, it would have taken a thousand men to protect the Lord Mayor in his rights at Londonderry, the thousand men ought to have been as surely forthcoming as they have been before now to protect exterminators in their rights of eviction. It is not easy to foresee the line that will be taken by the Irish Executive in reply, for the Lord Chancellor, in the course of a letter vindicating the removal of Lord Rossmore, lays down the following proposition:—"In times like the present, when a meeting is being held which is not proclaimed by the Executive, or which the magistrates, acting on their inherent powers, do not resolve to suppress as illegal, such a meeting cannot, *a priori*, be deemed illegal. Parties who assail such a meeting would be common disturbers of the public peace; but parties who, after organising a counter meeting, bring their forces in close proximity to the place of meeting which is objectionable to them, particularly when in so doing they exhibit indications of a

defiance or a challenge, incur responsibility of a most serious character." This would seem to be a perfectly judicial and correct account of the business, and it establishes at once the right of the Nationalists to hold meetings in Ulster, and the duty of the Executive to protect them in the right.

While these fundamental difficulties remain as intractable as ever, transitory sources of disturbance are abating. The stress of the agitation being now over, the informer is making his appearance on many sides. Secret murder-clubs in Mayo and in Westmeath are being brought to justice. The land courts are eating their way through the lists with considerable rapidity, through the arrears of appeals are still very heavy and unmanageable. The offer of Lord Devon to sell to the tenantry on his estate his interest in their holdings, on condition that at least half of them should give in their assent, still hangs fire, but it is worthy of remark that Mr. Parnell, in spite of his advocacy of prairie value, advises the tenants to offer sixteen years purchase, while Mr. Davitt, on the other hand, recommends them not to be in a hurry, because by and by the occupying proprietors will be taxed in the interest of the whole community. Mr. Biggar, too, who though not in all ways an attractive person is a very shrewd one, has been urging embarrassed landlords to come to terms with their tenants for the purchase of their holdings. Some hope of a rather sorry kind has been raised by the revival of hostility in some quarters in Mayo to the Parnellite party, but the feud between the old Fenian party in Mayo and the Parnellites is not a new affair, and we shall not know the relative strength of the two factions until an election shows whether Mr. O'Connor Power can hold his seat. It is safest in forecasting the march of events in Ireland to make our account with the worst. If any thing better than the worst should happen, it will be the

first agreeable surprise in the long period between the eloquent hopefulness of Burke in 1782, and the eloquent hopefulness of Mr. Gladstone exactly one hundred years later.

In India an enterprise that was injudiciously begun has had a disastrous end. The Criminal Jurisdiction Bill, commonly called after the legislative member of council who had the drafting of it, aimed at removing certain judicial disabilities of native magistrates, and conferring on them the same jurisdiction over European-British subjects as belongs to British magistrates of the same class. The object was practical and administrative convenience, for there are already natives of the rank of district magistrate and sessions judge of perfect competence and experience, who are deprived of the ordinary advantages of their position because it is not expedient to give them posts where there are Europeans. The scope of the measure was extremely small and limited, and one knows not whether to wonder more at the enormously wide principles to which its political supporters have appealed in England, or at the comprehensive invective that has been hurled against it by opponents both in England and in India. The principle that every European who enters India shall be placed under the same laws and tribunals as the natives, has been accepted and enforced for at least half a century. The European has been subject not only to all the civil courts, but to the criminal jurisdiction of the native magistrates in the four Presidency towns, and of the native judges of the High Courts. The only difference was that the Englishmen scattered about the country could not be tried by the local court, if the magistrate were a native. The Bill proposed to remove this last disqualification. As first introduced, it conferred the power of punishing by fine or im-

prisonment, not only on district magistrates and sessions judges, but on native officers of certain lower grades. The last provision was dropped, and the real effect of the Bill was simply to confer on certain high class native magistrates in local courts a jurisdiction over Europeans, which has for many years been exercised by native magistrates in the towns where there are most Europeans, with perfect competency and without complaint. The measure itself, therefore, was one of a minimum of importance on the merits.

But anything will serve for a rallying cry when people are excited, and Lord Ripon ought to have known the many elements of excitement that have been smouldering in the European community almost from the beginning of his reign. Great causes and small were at work. Anglo-Indians, like any other set of men living amid a lower race, have high notions of government, and are naturally cold to the principles of western Liberalism. Lord Ripon had gone out as the representative of Liberalism of the Midlothian pattern. He had gone out expressly to substitute domestic policy after Mr. Gladstone's fashion for the policy of aggressive activity after the fashion of Lord Lytton. He applied to the extension of railways, to improvement of administration, to the prosecution of public works, revenues which his predecessors had devoted to an odious and unprofitable war. His attempts in the direction of local self-government had roused suspicion and resentment in the minds of the official, as well as of the non-official, part of the Anglo-Indian community. The bar was furious at some reduction of judicial salaries at Calcutta, and to this solid injury was added the sentimental injury of seeing a native judge appointed to act as Chief Justice at Bombay during the absence of the European occupant of that high post. New regulations as to admission to the Roorkee Engineering College had ex-

asperated the mean whites. The planters from Behar and Assam raised a wild cry that under the new bill any native official would be able to hang any Englishman. The drivers and stokers on the railways mechanically swelled the chorus. The agitation mounted to a pitch for which there is no precedent, and the native population of Calcutta received an awkward lesson when they saw the Viceroy return to Government House under an ostentatious affront from the European population. The end of it all has been a surrender in the worst form. The principle of the Bill is saved by the retention of the provision that no distinction is to be made between European and native sessions judges or district magistrates as regards jurisdiction over European British subjects. But a reactionary move is made at the same time, for which this slight move forwards is no compensation. Every European British subject who may be charged before a sessions judge or district magistrate will be entitled, whether such sessions judge or district magistrate be European or native, and whatever be the offence charged, to claim to be tried by a jury, the majority of whose members shall be his own countrymen; and this right may be exercised even in districts to which the jury system has not yet been extended. The last clause is almost more objectionable than the one before.

It will be observed that this is an advance, in the wrong direction, upon the provision mentioned by Lord Northbrook at Bristol, giving the right of appeal after conviction. This right is now given upon the charge being laid. To the European is again restored the mischievous privilege which was deliberately taken from him in 1872. The capitulation is complete. The planter, the mean white, the anti-native, have won the battle. A demoralising and dangerous storm has been provoked, with no other result than to give an immunity, which they

never dreamed of asking, to the class of the population which it is notoriously of increasing importance to hold in with a firmer hand. It will be a long time before an Indian Viceroy will venture again to meddle with Europeans or to stand up for natives. So mischievous a fiasco almost justifies some of the censure that hostile critics in this country have been visiting on Lord Ripon. If the rumour be true that he is preparing other unpopular changes, the discredit of his sense of the opportune will be complete.

If Great Britain is surrounded by problems through which the most sagacious statesman can only see his way dimly, the other great countries of the civilised world are not more fortunate. Russia has difficulties which are only too notorious, both at home and on her frontier. Her rulers shrink from taking a step along the path of constitutional freedom from vague apprehensions which it is easy to understand, but which the strenuous courage of a great mind of the order of Richelieu or Frederick would certainly overcome. In Central Asia—if we are uneasy, so is she; if we suspect her influence on the borders of Afghanistan, so does she suspect ours in the debatable zone to the north and west of the Afghan borders and on the frontier of Persia. Nearer and hotter troubles lie among her kinsfolk in the south-east of Europe. The clouds that gathered during the autumn over the small states of the Balkan peninsula have for the moment dispersed, but they reminded men of the smouldering fires of the tremendous controversy between Russia and Austria, between Slav and Teuton.

Austria herself, again, is afflicted by other forms of the same controversy of rival races within her own borders. A glimpse of the subterranean agitation was revealed in Croatian disturbances of the autumn, and it has been repeated in the passionate scenes that marked the opening of the Croatian

Diet at Agram a few days ago. Czechs, Slovenes and Slovaks, Serbs and Croats, are all slowly on the move against German and Magyar. Roumanian, Wallach, Ruthenian, and Pole, have the modern fever of nationality stealthily and busily working in their veins. There are doubtless strong tendencies in the other direction, but the conflict between them is a heavy travail for the statesmen of the empire-kingdom. Another of the great feuds of the world, which rages in Russia, in Germany, in Hungary, disclosed itself in the refusal of the Hungarian parliament during the present month to legalise marriages between Jews and Christians.

If we turn to the more homogeneous governments of Italy and of Spain, they seem to be in smooth waters, compared with the deep contentions of their northern neighbours. The difficulties of Italy are of the purely parliamentary sort, and however troublesome these may become, they are slighter than the distractions of subject nationalities aspiring to autonomy. Spain is not yet free from the perturbations, not only of ministerial but of constitutional change. The Cortes has opened its session, and there is no reason to suppose that the Liberal Administration of Señor Posada Herrera will not be able for the time to hold its own. But the lowering of the suffrage is a leading article in the programme, and in a country where there is a strong republican party, it cannot be easy to touch a project for increasing popular power without stirring opinions and ideas that may lead further than a mere re-adjustment of parliamentary franchise. The prospect is made the more serious by the presence of an army, whose leaders have grievances and aims of their own, and who are accustomed by a vicious tradition to intervene in the production of civil changes. The King, however, has shown some slight signs of character and capacity, and may prove strong enough to avert confusion.

The Crown Prince of Germany, who has just returned home from his tour, is congratulated by some on the prospect of succession to an empire which is happily free from the carking solicitudes of other realms. His visit to the Pope on his way back from Madrid is interpreted to mean that one chief source of discontent within the empire, the treatment namely of the Catholic clergy and their congregations by Prince Bismarck and Folk Laws, is on the eve of being removed. The cordiality of his reception by the King of Italy and the King of Spain is supposed to set a public seal upon that vast diplomatic combination which its admirers call the Great League of Peace, while more critical observers see in it either a thin disguise for rude and untempered German mastery, or else a mere rope of sand, as little able to stand the strain of actual circumstances as the famous Kulturkampf itself, that was so belated in its day, and is now rapidly coming to so ignominious a close. It may be doubted whether the Crown Prince himself, who is an enlightened man, better acquainted than his father or Prince Bismarck with the drift of things a little way ahead of the present time, looks on the prospect, either for himself or for Europe, with any complacency. The economic condition of Germany is very unstable, and the demands of military service are very exhausting. The social democrats are not dead, and they are the most ferocious and intractable revolutionists in all Europe. Particularism still haunts important quarters and waits its time. As for the ring of alliances, all history shows that the combinations seeming to unite the greatest number of Powers are always most brittle and least enduring. We should say that a German citizen of the age of one-and-twenty has as poor a chance of a tranquil and undisturbed life as any sort or condition of men now alive.

The snares that lie about the path of

the French Republic are better known in England than elsewhere, because it is with England that her new spirit of adventure brings her into the closest contact. But when all is considered, and in spite of what is to be regretted in some of her proceedings, France is not the least happy of European nations. It is true that in comparison with eras when her history was a pageant, the present is a day of small things. But tranquil order on a solid foundation is of better omen than the glittering shows of an imperial fabric that rested on despotism and corruption. The expenditure, it is true, is enormous. The budget, including of course the increase caused by the debt of the war with Germany, has risen from 65 millions sterling in 1869, to 121 millions. But much of this goes to objects so laudable and so reproductive as the education of the people.

It is a year since the death of Gambetta. Some saw in the disappearance from the scene of this great and illustrious figure a presage of the ruin of the Republic. Events have proved otherwise. A fetid exhalation of rivalry and intrigue reminds us occasionally that Bonapartism was once formidable, and that, too, not very long ago. The Orleanists might seem to be the stronger for the death of the rival pretender, but they do not touch the public imagination, and they seldom win an election. The Church is militant after its fashion, but does not just now espy any particular chance. In one direction, no doubt, the signs are bad, but this is the very direction in which Gambetta gave the first impulse, and where the prolongation of his influence was least to be desired. Gambetta looked upon himself as the heir of the grand tradition of France. Richelieu, Colbert, Mazarin, Bonaparte, were in his dreams. He was for action, extension, and a revival of colonial policy. The famous speech at the Cherbourg *punch d'honneur* in the autumn of 1880 was the signal for a movement which led to the Tunisian

annexation, to the Joint Note, to Madagascar, to Tonquin, to the Congo. Gambetta has gone, but his school remains. They profess to look back with shame upon the order to the French fleet to withdraw from Dulcigno if operations began in earnest, and upon the actual execution of the same order at Alexandria. They are for recovering the ground lost in the Nile by acquisitions on the Congo and the Niger. They have even gone so far in the retrograde path that M. Spuller the other day actually made a strong speech in favour of a Vatican policy, apparently for no better reason than that the Crown Prince of Germany seemed to be making things pleasant with the Pope. All this is unpromising enough, so far as it goes. But the Gambettist school is not uncontrolled. There has been a valid expression of pacific and prudent feeling in the discussions of the month on the two votes of credit for the Tonquin expedition, and though the capture of Sontay by Admiral Courbet has for the moment done something to restore the position of M. Ferry and to revive his aggressive spirit, the Government have had warning enough to make them walk warily. It is a curiously significant coincidence, by the way, that Monsignor Freppel, the Bishop of Angers, made just as strong a speech in favour of war upon the

Black Flags, as some Protestant ministers have made in our own country for war, or something undistinguishable from war, on behalf of the Hovas. In so singular a way does the modern spiritual power uphold the sacred cause of peace.

The precise way out of the deadlock is not clear. It has been rumoured that the British Government has been invited to mediate, but another story is that China will prefer to appeal to more Powers than one. For us the latter course would be preferable, for it must be allowed that French Governments are as little famous for magnanimity or good grace in their diplomacy, as the Governments of the United States. Meanwhile we may expect that France will not assent to anything less than compensating herself by the delta of the Red River for supposed rebuffs in a nearer and more famous delta.

The survey need not discourage us. Change and movement are as much the law of modern societies as tumult is of the ocean. Each generation has its difficulties, and to each its own troubles seem more arduous than any that ever were known before. No statesmanship can avert or evade them. They can only be met and settled imperfectly, and our settlements will probably be no more imperfect than in other times.

December 27th, 1883.